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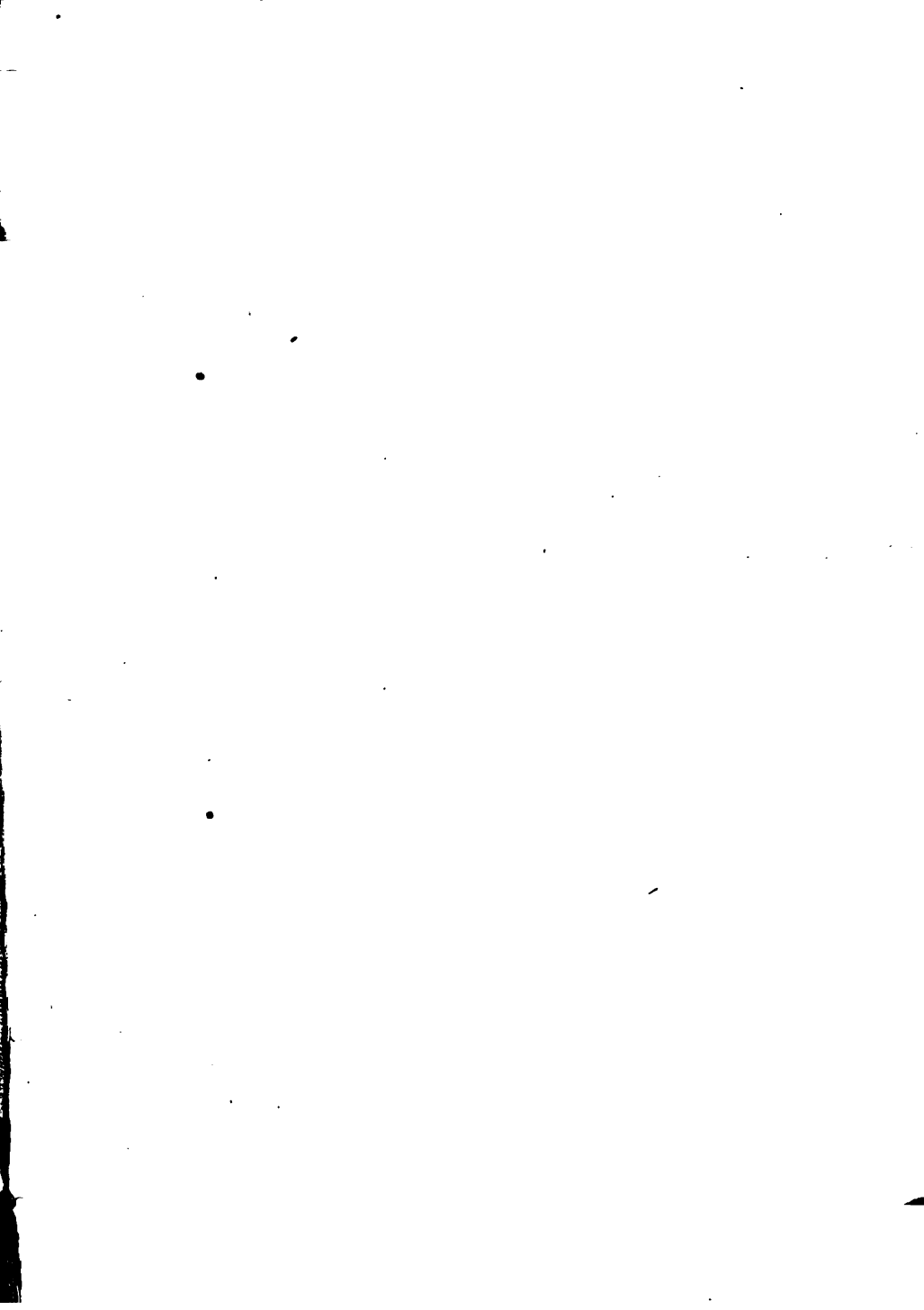
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THE  
NURSERY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

VOLUME VI.

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*Dr. S. L. Stone*



DORA.



## D O R A.



HERE was once a little girl, and her name was Dora. She was one of a fam'i-ly of five sisters and three brothers. Her father had been killed while blast'ing rocks; and her mother was left quite poor, and with eight mouths to fill, besides her own.

What could the poor mother do? She went out to day's work; she took in wash'ing; she toiled as hard as she could: still the little ones at home did not have enough to eat.

So she said to Dora, "You must strap this big bas'ket over your shoul'ders, and go round from door to door, and beg cold vict'uals."

Dora did not like to beg; but she loved her mother and her little brothers and sisters so much, that she said to herself, "It is better for me to beg than see them starve. I think it is not wrong for me to beg when I do it for love."

So Dora went round from house to house. One little girl, who was lean'ing over the wall of a gar'den, threw a large piece of cake into Dora's lap. At another house, they gave her a loaf of bread; and at another house, they gave her some cold meat.

Dora put all the things nice'ly into her big basket, and went home and fed the children, and then put by food enough for the next day; for her mother was out at day's work.

Soon Dora's brother Ned, who swept a cross'ing of one of the city streets, ran in with a shout. "Look here! See what I have found! Isn't this jolly?" he cried. He had found a pocket-book, with papers and notes in it, and I don't know how much money; but it was a good deal.

Dora said, "Give it to me, and I will take it to the man

who prints news'pa-pers, and he will ad-ver-tise it, so that the person who lost it will know that it is found."

Ned, who was a good, honest boy, gave up the pocket-book to Dora; and she took it to the news'pa-per-man, and he ad-ver-tised it: and the next day who should come to the house but an old gen'tle-man, who asked to see Dora and Ned.

"You have been of great service to me, my dear children," said the old gentleman. "Your mother must be a good woman to bring you up in the ways of hon'es-ty. I am rich; and I prom'ise you that this money you have brought back to me shall be spent in help'ing you all."

The old gentleman was as good as his word; and Dora did not have to go round beg'ging after that. She and her brothers and sisters were each taught some good trade; and soon their mother was so well off that she did not have to go out to day's work, or labor all day at the wash-tub.

IDA FAY.

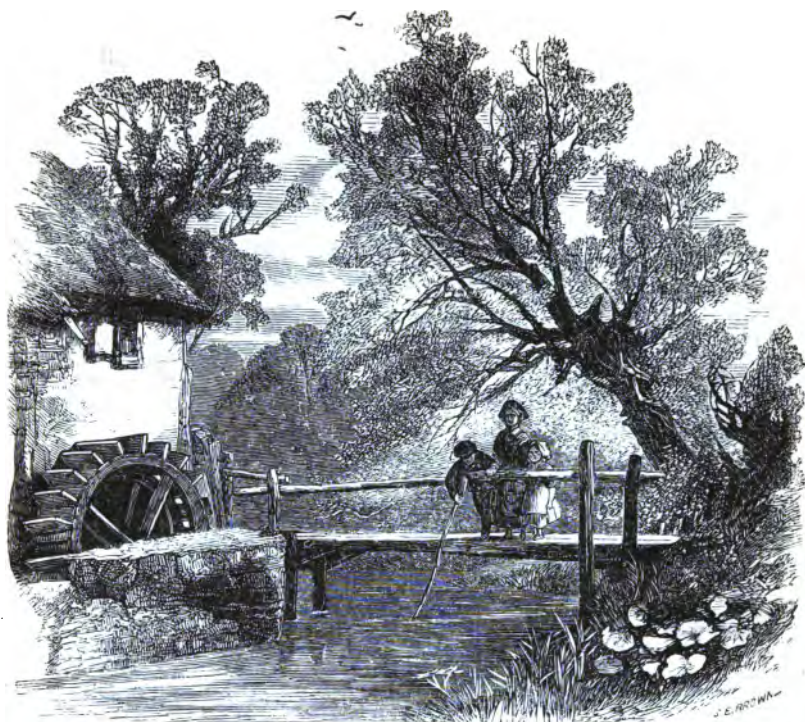




### THE BABY IN THE BASKET.

"Now, where are you going, this beautiful day?"  
"Good sir, I am going to help rake the hay."  
"But you must be weary and worn, I'm afraid,  
With that heavy load on your back, little maid."  
"Oh, no, sir! the load is not heavy to me:  
The load is my own baby-sister, you see."  
"I see; and this lesson I get from the sight:  
Love makes labor easy and any load light."

EMILY CARTER.



## THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

LITTLE MERRY was gone: where could he be? His mamma looked all about the house, in the garden, and in the yard, and even under the bed; but no-where could she find her little boy.

It had been but a few mo'ments since he brought her some spears of grass and leaves of clover from the front yard, and said, "Pretty *bo-tay* for mamma."

His mamma did not teach him to talk baby-talk; but *bouquet*\* was a hard word for a little boy only two years and a half old to speak.

But where could little Merry be all this time? His papa's

\* Pronounced *boo-ká*, and meaning a bunch of flowers.

store was only a short way from the house: so mamma put on her bon'net, and ran over to the store, as fast as she could go. Papa laughed as she came run'ning in, but still looked frightened as he said, "Why, no! Merry has not been here."

I do not be-lieve that papa ever put on his hat so quickly before, or went out of the door in such a hurry, as he did when he started off to look for little Merry.

Mamma was in such a fright, when she found the little boy was not at the store, that she trem'bled all over, and could hardly get home.

In front of the house was a river; and on the other side of the river, a few rods down the road, near the old bridge, was a mill.

Papa ran to the river, and what do you think he saw? His darling baby-boy, more than half-way down the steep bank. It was so steep, that the child could not stand, but had to slide; which he did by lying flat on the ground, with his head down and his feet up.

Here he lay, watch'ing the big, buzz'ing wheel of the mill, or creep'ing down on his stom'ach, near'er and nearer.

Only a little way below him was the deep whirl'ing water; so deep, that, if he had slipped off the bank into the river, he could never have come out alive. But he was so young, that he did not know the danger he was in, or that he was doing wrong.

When his papa suc-ceed'ed in reach'ing him, the little boy only said, "See, see, papa! See the great wheel go!"

When papa brought him in his arms into the house, and put him in mamma's lap, per-haps Merry began to sus-pect that he had not been in just the place for a baby-boy; for when he saw her tears of joy, that God had spared her dear little boy from being drowned, he threw his arms round her

neck, and said coax'ing-ly, "Don't feel bad, mamma: please don't feel bad."

His papa and mamma did not scold or whip him; for they knew he was not aware that he had been doing wrong. But, the next day, his papa took him in his arms, and went over the bridge to the mill, and let him look at the "big wheel" a long time; an'swer-ing all his little questions about it.

Papa told him he must not go alone again down the bank, or he might get into the water, and then papa and mamma would have no little boy to love them.

Little Merry never ran away to see the big wheel again. He was a great comfort to his friends, though the run-away spirit was in his heart still. But he was afraid of doing any thing his mamma told him was **WRONG**. Are *you* afraid of doing wrong? I hope so.

MRS. J. E. FOOTE.

CASTLETON, VT.



## THE BLUE JAY.

Little Blue Jay,  
What does she say,  
Sitting out there on the tree?  
"Summer I bring,  
Sweetly I sing,  
Come here and listen to me!"

Little Blue Jay,  
Where does she stay  
When it is rainy and dark?  
Where the leaves grow,  
There will she go,  
Hiding in forest or park.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

Little Blue Jay,  
Flying away  
Over the top of the hill:  
Where will she fly,  
Soaring so high?  
Something she has in her bill.

Little Blue Jay  
Came back to-day,  
Looking so happy and blest!  
What does she sing?  
"Good news I bring:  
I've made a nice little nest!"

AUNT CLARA.

## LOOKING AT THE PIGS.

I TOLD you, not long ago, that Lucy had a little brother. His name is Paul. She is quite fond of Paul; and he has grown so now, that she can take him out of doors in her arms when the day is warm and clear.

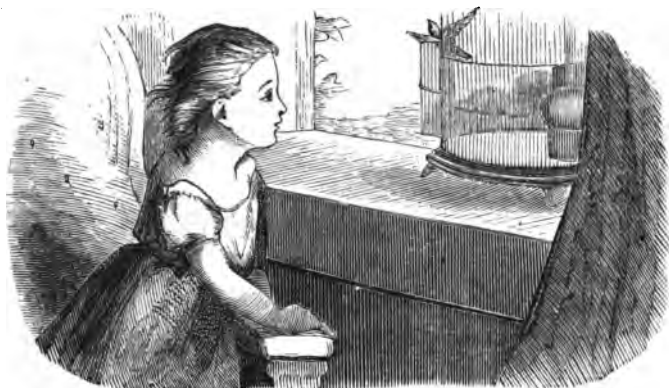
He likes to see the old horse and the cow, the hens and the pigs. See Lucy lift him up, that he may look at the pigs! Look sharp, and you may see a part of the head of one pig.

Paul likes to sit on the dry hay when the men are out in the field at work in the month of June. He will sit there an hour at a time, and watch the birds and the clouds and the trees. Lucy will be near him to take care of him.



SISTER LUCY LIFTS PAUL UP THAT HE MAY LOOK IN THE  
PIG-STY AT THE PIGS, WHO HOPE HE HAS COME TO  
FEED THEM.





## THE STORY OF OUR HOMELY BIRD.

At Riverside Cottage, there is a darling little brown canary. He is not hand'some; but we love him be-cause of his cun'ning ways and his sweet song.

This bird is named Major Prim, and is now six years old. He has a nice cage, with glass cups for seed and water, and a china dish for sand.

He has just as much boiled egg, bread, and sugar as he wants, with plen'ty of let'tuce or chick'weed in sum'mer.

Ought he not to be a happy little fel'low? You will think so; but I shall have to tell how he once flew away from this pleas'ant home, and made us very anx'ious.

Canary birds, you know, cannot take care of them-selves in our climate, and would soon starve to death out of doors.

It was when Major and his two brothers were quite small. They grew fast, and that was what made them so hungry. Every time their tired mother came near them, they would hop about, and cry so for some'thing more to eat, that she would get quite out of pa'tience with them.

One morn'ing, she must have thought to herself, "Dear me! what is the use of my crack'ing hemp-seed any longer for

those great lazy children? They will be four weeks old, Sat'ur-day. I will not do it again."

After this, each little bird, when it asked for food, would only get a sharp peck from her bill, which meant, "Stop your noise, and feed yourselves."

"Oh, you self'ish mother!" cried Aunt Jane, "I shall have to bring these poor little birds up by hand." So she got a good, warm meal of soaked bread for them, and tried to feed them from the end of a pen'cil.

Major's turn came. He had swal'lowed but one mouth'ful, when, seeing an open win'dow close by, he spread his wings, and flew off over the house-tops, out of sight.

Everybody rushed to stop him, call'ing, "Birdie, birdie, birdie!" But no trace of birdie could be found.

That night, a hard shower fell; and sad tears were shed when we thought of the little crea'ture going sup'per-less to sleep in that dis'mal rain.

Next day, at dinner-time, the June sun shone clear. "I cannot eat," said Aunt Jane. "Bring me my rub'bers and my bon'net, and I'll run out to see if I can find our poor, dear bird. The cat shall not get him, at any rate."

But just then, a loud chirp'ing was heard out-side; and grandmother, going to her window, found our tru'ant Major flap'ping his wings against the panes.

Then such a glad shout went up from many little voices! Nobody scold'ed Major for being naughty; but Aunt Jane gave him some dinner, — the least bit at a time, lest it might hurt him after so long a fast.

Then he hopped up on to a perch, put his head under his wing, and was soon fast asleep.

"Major came back 'cause he knew when he was well off," said four-year-old Charley. And Charley was right.

## BETTY'S TURTLE.

WOULD you like to know of a little girl who had a turtle which she wished to keep and take care of for herself? I can tell you about her, for I know her well. She is not more than six years old.

It was a fair day in spring, when Betty and her brothers and sisters went down by the riverside to walk. The river was at the foot of the hill, behind their father's home.

On the grass, not far from the river, Betty saw a brown and yellow turtle crawling along. It went so slow, that Betty did not have to run fast to catch it.

She took it up gently, and put it — where do you think she put it? Why, into her clean white apron. She carried it in this way to the house; and there she took the little tub that her mother used every day to wash the baby in.

Betty thought that nothing was too nice for her little turtle. So she put some water into the tub, and some small stones, and some green grass; and then she put green boughs over the turtle, and set the tub out in the sun's shine.

By and by she put some crumbs of bread in for the turtle's dinner; and at night she took some more for its supper. Then she covered the tub all over, so that the turtle might go to sleep. And, soon after, Betty herself went to bed and to sleep, thinking how happy her little turtle must be.

The next morning, her mamma said, "Now I must wash the baby." "But I do not find the tub," said the nurse. "Where is baby's little tub?" asked mamma.

Betty looked up, and said, "I took it, mamma, to keep my turtle in."

"But where did you get a turtle?"

"Oh! down in the mead'ow, mamma, yes'ter-day, when we went to walk by the river."

"Well, you may keep the turtle if you can make him hap'py," said mamma; "but I must have the tub to bathe baby in, you know."

"Oh, yes, mamma!" So Betty ran down stairs to get the tub, but soon came back, look'ing sad.

"What is the matter?" asked her mamma.

"Why, mamma, when I went and took off the green boughs, and looked to see my turtle, he was not there, and I cannot find him. Dear me! Where can he be?"

"Do not cry, my dear," said mamma. "The little turtle has gone back to his home in the mead'ow, I sup'pose."

"But why should he want to go away from me?" said Betty. "I was kind to him: I fed him, and fixed as nice a home for him as I could, with green leaves and branch'es. I think he ought to have been con-tent."

"Well, my dear," said mamma, "you did all you could; but the turtle liked his own home best, just as my little girl likes *her* own home best.

"If somebody were to come and carry her away to a place much finer and nicer than this, Betty would not be so happy, but would wish to go back to her real home, just as the turtle did."

Betty seemed to think that there was rea'son in what her mamma said, and did not try again to keep a turtle in a tub.





## ABOUT MAJOR AND FANNY.

I HAVE a dog, and his name is Major. One day, my papa went from the dining-room into the bed-room, and Major thought he would like to go too.

So he got up into a chair near the door: and first he took one paw, and then the other, to try to turn the handle and open the door; but he could not do it. Then he tried with his teeth, but could not do it with his teeth.

It made us all laugh to see him. Major is nearly five years old, and I have had him since he was a little bit of a

pup'py. I send you his picture. We all think him very pretty. He is a big span'iel.

A little while after this, one morn'ing, my papa said, that, if I would spell "pup'py" for him when he came home to din'ner, a real live puppy would pop out of his pock'et.

So mamma told me how to spell it; and, when papa came home, I spelt the word, and a real puppy *did* pop right out of his pocket.

This puppy is a little yellow one, with a black face, and a little black streak on her back. Papa says she is a Scotch terrier. I named her Fanny, and put a yellow rib'bon around her neck. She is about four weeks old.

Major is very jeal'ous of this little puppy, and will growl when she comes near him. But Fanny likes Major, and wants him for a play'mate. The min'ute I touch her when she is a-sleep, she hops; and to-day I touched her with the button-hook, and you ought to have seen her hop.

This is a true story. I am only a little girl, not quite six years old, and my name is Georgia Burleigh. I have written this all myself. Perhaps some time I will tell you another story.

GEORGIA.



## MORNING ON THE BEACH.

IN July, when the days grow hot, Emma Ray will go to the sea-side with her father and mother. She will take with her their good dog Dolph'in, and he will play with her on the beach. She calls him Dolf.

Last sum'mer, when the weath'er was fine, Emma would get up at five o'clock every morn'ing, and walk with her father to the beach. There they would see the sun, as it rose above the clouds in the east, and made the waves all bright, and shone on the light-house half a mile off.

Then Emma would look round on the beach, and find a stick, and breathe on it, and cry, "Dolf, Dolf!" Then Dolf would run up to Emma, and put his fore-paws on her shoulders, and bark, as much as to say, "I'm all ready for a frolic. What do you want of Dolf?"

Emma would make believe throw the stick far out into the water; and Dolf would rush to the edge of the water. But find'ing that he had been cheat'ed, and that no stick had been thrown, he would rush back, and run round Emma, and bark, and throw up the sand with his paws, as much as to say, "Bad Emma, to cheat poor old Dolf in that way."

"Now, Dolf, I'll not cheat you this time," Emma would say. Then she would throw the stick far, far out over the foam'ing waves into the sea; and Dolf, who loves the water, would rush in and swim till he could seize the stick with his teeth.

Then back he would come, and shake him-self dry, and then run and lay the stick at Emma's feet, and bark, oh, so loud! and leap round her till she would cry, "Down, sir, down! You make too free."

I will tell you of a good thing that Dolf did last sum'mer.





A little boy who could not swim was bath'ing in the sea, when the waves lift'ed him off his feet, and took him out where the water was over his head.

The boy gave a scream; and Mr. Ray, who was on the beach, said, "Here, Dolf, Dolf! go and save that boy." Dolf knew at once what was want'ed. He sprang into the water, and dived down so as to touch one of the boy's hands.

The boy threw his arm round Dolf's neck; and Dolf swam with him to the shore, and saved the boy's life. Was he not a good, brave Dolf, to do this?

I wish you could go with Emma to the sea-side, and be with her on the beach when the sun is rising. But, since you can-not go, you can look at a fine pict'ure of the scene.

TROTTLIE'S AUNT.

---

## THE CHERRY-PIE.

'Tis late in May: what do I see?  
White blossoms on my cherry-tree!  
"Ah, flowers!" say I,  
"By next July  
I'll make myself a cherry-pie.  
Hi ho! hi ho! well pleased I see  
White blossoms on my cherry-tree."

'Tis rosy June: what do I see?  
Green cherries on my cherry-tree!  
"Poor things!" say I;  
"But, by and by,  
They'll be fit for a cherry-pie.  
Hi ho! hi ho! well pleased I see  
Green cherries on my cherry-tree."

'Tis warm July: what do I see?  
Red cherries on my cherry-tree!  
"Oh! now," say I,  
"The time draws nigh

For me to make my cherry-pie.  
Hi ho! hi ho! well pleased I see  
Red cherries on my cherry-tree!"

But look again. What do I see?  
Six robins on my cherry-tree!  
"Poor chance," say I,  
"Unless they fly,  
I have to make my cherry-pie.  
Hi ho! hi ho! ill pleased I see  
Six robins on my cherry-tree."

But once again: what do I see?  
Leaves only on my cherry-tree!  
"Alas!" say I,  
"I scarce can spy  
One cherry for a cherry-pie!  
Hi ho! hi ho! ill pleased I see  
Leaves only on my cherry-tree."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



## THE WHITE HORSE.

A MELODRAMA IN SIX ACTS.

BY A PAPA.

*Illustrated by E. Froment.*

CHARACTERS. — PAUL, a boy who has a horse that never kicks. FANNY, the sister of Paul. MAMMA, their mother.

### ACT I.

*Fanny.* — If you will let me take your horse, Paul, I will let you take my doll.

*Paul.* — What do boys want of dolls? I should not know what to do with a doll. No! You play with your doll, and I will play with Dexter.

*Fanny.* — I would like to play with Dexter too.

*Paul.* — Little girls must keep out of the way of horses.



## ACT II.

*Paul.* — Please not to meddle in that way, Fanny. Horses don't like to have their tails pulled: they want them for brushing off the flies. Let Dexter alone, I say.

*Fanny.* — I just want to pull out a hair or two.

*Paul.* — I can't have any of his hair pulled out. I don't pull the curls off from your doll's head, do I? Why can't you let my horse be? Come, now, be a good girl, and don't try to vex me.

*Fanny.* — You threw my doll out of the window, one day.

*Paul.* — Well, that was because I was vexed. Besides, I was a little boy then: I didn't own a horse.

*Fanny.* — I'll be vexed now. I have as much right to be vexed as you had, haven't I? I don't own a horse, and I am a little girl.

*Paul.* — But girls ought not to be vexed like boys. Besides, doesn't mamma tell us we must render good for evil?

*Fanny.* — Then why don't you give up your horse for my doll? I would like to know.



## ACT III.

*Paul.* — Stop, oh stop! You will hurt my horse if you do that. Dexter can't stand it. Let go, Fanny, let go!

*Fanny.* — If he's a strong horse, he'll not mind it.

*Paul.* — There's no better horse than Dexter; but I tell you he isn't used to being pulled in that way. No race-horse would let you do that.

*Fanny.* — You threw my doll out of the window, and I'll see what your horse's tail is made of.

*Paul.* — It is made of horse-hair, to be sure. Oh! don't pull so hard, Fanny. You *will* pull the tail out if you don't mind.

*Fanny.* — I don't mind pulling it out.

*Paul.* — Then you are a naughty girl.

*Fanny.* — I'll pull all the harder for that.

*Paul.* — But I will not have it. I'll call mamma. Oh, stop! Fanny, will you? You'll ruin my poor Dexter. He can never win another race. Stop, stop!



## ACT IV.

*Fanny.* — There, I've done it! Oh, my head!

*Paul.* — And, oh, *my* head! You're a bad, bad girl. Mamma, mamma! Come and see what Fanny has done. We are both down on the floor.

*Fanny.* — The horse's tail is in my hand. I did not think it would come out so easily.

*Paul.* — My poor, poor Dexter! What shall I do? What is a horse worth without his tail?

*Fanny.* — You need not cry about it.

*Paul.* — Didn't I tell you if you pulled so, you would ruin him? — the best race-horse going!

*Fanny.* — He'll go just as fast as ever.

*Paul.* — Yes; but his looks are spoiled.

*Fanny.* — Well, Paul, I'm sorry for what I've done. I wish I had not done it. Poor Paul! I'm ready to cry. I'll give you my new pencil if you will forgive me.

*Paul.* — I don't want any new pencils. My poor Dexter is spoiled. He is not fit to be seen on the road.



## ACT V.

*Mamma.*—Now, what is all this noise about?

*Paul.*—Fanny has pulled out Dexter's tail; and she did it on purpose. I told her she would do it, if she pulled so; but she did not care.

*Mamma.*—I hope that my little Fanny was not so bad as that. How was it?

*Fanny.*—Yes, mamma, I—I—I did it; and I'm afraid I did it on purpose. (*Bursts out crying.*) Oh! I was a bad girl, a bad girl, to spoil poor Paul's horse, Dexter.

*Mamma.*—Come and sit on my knee, my dear. If you are truly sorry, Paul will forgive you. Will you not, Paul?

*Paul.*—Yes, mamma; but it is hard to have one's horse's tail pulled out,—such a horse as Dexter too.

*Mamma.*—I think I can mend it for you.



## ACT VI.

*Mamma.*—There! It is all right now; and you, Paul, shall give Fanny and her doll a nice ride on your good horse Dexter. Is not this better than quarrelling?

*Paul.*—I like it better.

*Fanny.*—And so do I. I will never be so naughty again.

*Paul.*—And, Fanny, when you want to play with my horse again, I will let you do it. I was to blame to say *No*, when you asked me to let you play with Dexter.

*Fanny.*—But I was the one who was most to blame.

*Mamma.*—I think so, too, Fanny; and I am glad you know it.

*Paul.*—Get up, sir! Get up, Dexter! Don't let me have to get my whip.

*Fanny.*—Oh, what a nice ride I am having! Don't let him run away, Paul.

*Paul.*—I have him by the head. He can't run away.

(*Curtain Falls.*)



**“ GIVE US SOME.”**

ON a fine day in June, Johnny came into the house, and told his mamma that he was tired.

“I do not wonder that you are tired,” said his mamma :



"Come and sit down in this little chair by my side, and tell me what you have been doing all the forenoon."

"Well, mamma," said Johnny, "when you gave me my bread and butter, I went out by the barn; and there the old rooster and the white hen came up, and teased me to give them some."

"Well, Johnny, I hope you gave them some," said mamma.

"Oh, yes! I gave them some of the crumbs," said Johnny. "But they followed me about so, and teased so, that, at last, I had to give them a big bit of bread; and then the old roost'er called all the hens, and they had a fine feast."

"Well, what did you do after you left the hens?" asked mamma.

"Then I thought I would go to see Peter rub down the horse. I had an apple in my hand; but I had not taken two bites, when the horse put out his big lips, and took the apple out of my hand, and ate it."

"Why, that was not at all polite, Johnny," said mamma.

"I don't think it was," said Johnny. "So I went to see the pigs. I had a bit of cake in my hand. As soon as the pigs saw me, they grunt'ed, as much as to say, 'Oh! do give us some; that's a good boy.' So I had to give the pigs the best part of my cake."

"Well, Johnny, you don't look as if you had suffered for want of food. I think you will get along till dinner-time. What next?"

"Then I went to the cow-yard, and saw the cows; and I pulled some grass, and gave it to them; and they looked at me with their big eyes, and breathed hard, as much as to say, 'That was good, Johnny: give us some more.' So I had to pull more grass and feed them."

"Why, they all seemed bent on making you feed them."

"Yes, mamma; and that's what has made me so tired."

"Well, Johnny, after you have rest'ed, you shall go into the garden, and pluck some of the best roses you can find for my vase."

"Oh! I am rested enough already," said Johnny; and off he ran into the garden to get the roses for his mamma.

JOHNNY'S MAMMA.



## BOUND FOR THE CARS.

SUSAN's mamma and papa were getting ready to go to the White Mountains. Susan was to go too; and she did not see why she could not get ready without help from any one.

So, while her mother was pack'ing Susan's clothes in a little trunk, Susan got some other things, which she thought more im-port'ant than the clothes.

First she put all her dolls and play'things into a bas'ket. I could not count all the dolls she took. There were Polly and Flora and Mr. Punch, besides a tea-set, a table, three or four chairs, a sofa, a flat-iron, a stove, a bed, and a wash-stand.

I have not told you half the things she put in her basket. After she had filled it, she took her red round balloon, that could be held by a string, and her hoop; for Susan was fond of driving hoop, and thought it would be fine fun to start at the top of Mount Washington, and drive her hoop down to the foot.

When Susan's father and mother found her stand'ing on the side-walk, and wait'ing for them with all these things, they could not but laugh. "Why, Susie," said her father, "the folks in the cars will not let us take all that rub'bish."

Susan did not like to hear her nice play'things called

rubbish ; and she began to grieve. Then her mother said, " We shall find much better things than all these for you, to play with at the mount'ains. You shall go in the woods, and pluck wild flowers, and see the birds and the squir'rels."



The thought of the squirrels was enough ; and Susan gave up her balloon, her hoop, and her basket of playthings to Jane the maid, and was quite con-tent to go to the cars without them. I hope she will have a good time at the mountains.

MRS. MARY EGAN.



## THE EMPTY HOUSE.

Nor far from the end of our gar'den, there was a house to let. The folks had all left it, and gone away. It was a nice pleas'ant house; and my sis'ter Jane and I would stop now

and then, on our way home from pick'ing ber'ries, and look at it.

There was a fine summer-house that be-longed to this house. One day, we thought we heard a cry, as of one in pain, come from the summer-house. So we got some old steps, and climbed up; and then pulled open the out'er blinds of a win'dow, and looked in.

For some time we could see noth'ing; but we heard the same cry, though faint and low. Then we thought we would get in at the window, and see what was the mat'ter.

Jane, who was the bold'er of the two, got in first; and I jumped in after her. We hunt'ed about, and soon, in a cor'ner, we found a poor old cat with two nice kit'tens.

She was so weak, that she could hardly move. She had been shut up there, and could not get out. She must have lived there a week with-out food, and kept her two kit'tens a-live; but how she did it I do not know. Per-haps she found a few mice and bugs to eat.

The cat was so glad to see us, that she be-gan to purr. Jane ran home, and soon came back with some milk in a small tin pail.

You should have seen the poor cat lap the milk. But she was too wise to take much at a time.

As we want'ed some good cats, we took all three home; and they grew to be the best cats we had ever had.

IDA FAY.





## ALBERT'S PETS.

ALBERT is fond of pets. First he kept rabbits, and for a time they pleased him well. He would feed them with fresh greens and meal, and take great care of them. The boys of his school would come and look at them two or three times a week.

But the rabbits did not be-have well; and Albert soon got

tired of them. Then he sold them, and bought some hens; and, when the spring came, he thought he would try to raise some chick'ens.

The hens were very glad to help him do this; and they sat on the eggs till two broods of nice little chickens were hatched out. But soon Albert began to miss some of them.

Ah! taking care of chickens is no frolic. First an old rat found his way into the hen-pen, and killed four of the poor little things; then Albert caught the rat in a trap, and put him where he could do no more mischief.

But now an old cat from a house near by, being hungry one day, took off three of the chickens. Albert sent his dog Spite after the cat; and Spite gave her a good shaking, and bit one of her ears off: but that did not give him back the chickens.

Albert sold his hens, and bought a mocking-bird; and he thinks he has made a good trade at last. I must tell you all about this bird one of these days. His name is Joko, a name which he got because he is so fond of his jokes.

He will cluck like a hen; and then the hens will run this way and that, in the hope of having a feast on a good fat worm; then he will mew like a cat, and Spite will start up, and wonder what's the matter. But I cannot now tell you of all the jokes that Joko loves to play.

UNCLE CHARLES.







CROSSING THE BROOK.



## CROSSING THE BROOK.



**CHARLES** is a little boy who has never been in a large town. He lives in a small house on the edge of a thick wood. His parents are poor. His father works in the fields, and mows grass with a scythe, and sometimes cuts wheat with a sickle.

Charles has a sister Jane, who takes much care of the little boy. One day she was going to carry her father his dinner, and Charles said he would like to go with her.

So they walked along with bare feet over the soft, cool grass. Jane had a basket on her arm; and in it were a sickle, and some bread and meat for papa's dinner.

By and by they came to a brook. "How shall we get over this river?" asked Charles; and his sister said, "It is not a river, but a brook. I think, if you are brave, you can cross it without help."

"What if it should be so deep as to drown me?" asked Charles.

"You can see the pebbles under the water," said Jane; "and I do not think it can be more than up to your knees. It is not far across. Come! Be a brave little boy!"

So Jane put one foot in; and at last Charles grew so bold as to do as she did, and put in his left foot. But just then a great saucy frog hopped up, with a cry of "zook!" and Charles was so scared, that he drew back, and cried, "Oh, dear! what's that?"

Jane laughed loud, and said, "You silly little boy, it is only a poor fright'ened frog, who wants to get out of your way. You will never be a general, little boy, if you are so tim'id."

"I'm not timid: you shall see," said Charles; and then he waded in, and crossed the brook.

Soon they came where their father was hoe'ing corn. He kissed the little boy, and told them where they could find some nice black'berries. So Jane took the basket, and they picked berries enough for supper.

If Jane and Charles had been afraid of wetting their feet, they might have walked half a mile down the stream, and crossed over the bridge which you see in the picture below. But such tough, healthy girls and boys as they are do not go out of their way for trifles.

Although these children are so poor that they go bare'foot in summer, I think they enjoy more than many chil'dren in large cit'ies, who have rich parents, but who do not live where they can smell the fresh air, and see the sweet scenes of the coun'try.

UNCLE CHARLES.



## SKIPPER IN DISGRACE.

THERE was once a little dog, and his name was Skipper ; and he was a very good little dog, except that he liked to chase the birds.

One day he saw a young robin hopping about on Laura's flower-bed ; and Skipper started off, and barked loud, as much as to say, " You saucy little robin, how dare you hop round in that bold way over Laura's flower-bed ? "

But the robin did not mind Skipper's bark ; so Skipper tore wildly down to drive the robin off. But Skipper did more harm to the flowers than twenty robins would have done.

So his mistress made him come back to her, and stood him on his hind legs, and scolded him well. " You bad dog," said Laura, raising her finger, " how shall I break you of your habit of running after the poor little birds ? "

Skipper whined in a low, sad tone, as if he would like to say, " I saw a saucy little robin on your flower-bed, and I ran to drive him off."

But Laura said, " You did it to frighten the little bird, and not because you knew he was doing any harm. How often have I charged you not to run after the birds ! Now, Skipper, I must punish you."

Poor Skipper began to howl wildly when he heard these words. But Laura said to her sister, " Let me take your hoop-stick a minute."

Then Skipper wagged his tail, and whined, as much as to say, " Let me off this time, and I will try to be good, and not chase the birds over your nice flower-bed."

So Laura let Skipper go free that time ; and he lay down on the grass, and went to sleep.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



M



## THE BALLOON.

On the Fourth of July, the children saw a balloon go up. It was a fine balloon, called the "Eagle;" and was so large, that four or five people went up in it. One of them waved a flag as they left the solid earth.

The children were much pleased. They said they had never seen so great a sight, and they wanted to know all that I could tell them about balloons. I then told them this true story.

Some years ago, in a town at the West, a man had a balloon; and he would let people go up in it while he held it by a long rope, so that he could pull the balloon back to the earth when they had been up long enough.

This seemed to be quite safe to do, so long as the rope was strong, and well tied to the ground. But in one case the rope slipped. I will tell you how it was.

A little girl about six years old, and her brother about four, thought they would like to go up in the balloon just a short way, not much higher than the top of an apple-tree.

So their father lifted them into the basket of the balloon, and the balloon rose while the man held it by a rope; but, all at once, he let the rope slip out of his hands. Then up, up, sprang the balloon, carrying the little boy and girl far, far away from their dear father and mother.

There was no rope by which they could be pulled back to the ground. The balloon rose so high that the trees and the houses and the people on the earth looked like small specks.



The two children began to cry ; and the little boy looked over the edge of the basket, but his sister pulled him back,



for fear that he would fall out. They did not know what to do.

The news soon spread through all the towns near. The father and mother were wild with grief; but what could they do, except pray to the good God that he would send them back their little ones safe.

It soon began to grow cold, high up in the air where the balloon was moving as the wind bore it along. The children found some bread in the basket, and ate it. Then the boy grew sleepy.

At last the bright sun sank, and it was dark night. The children both went to sleep.

The next morning, when they woke, and found themselves high up in the air, they hardly knew what to make of it. By and by the little girl saw a string, and pulled it; and, by pulling it, she opened a valve which let the gas out, so that the balloon began to sink slowly down to the earth.

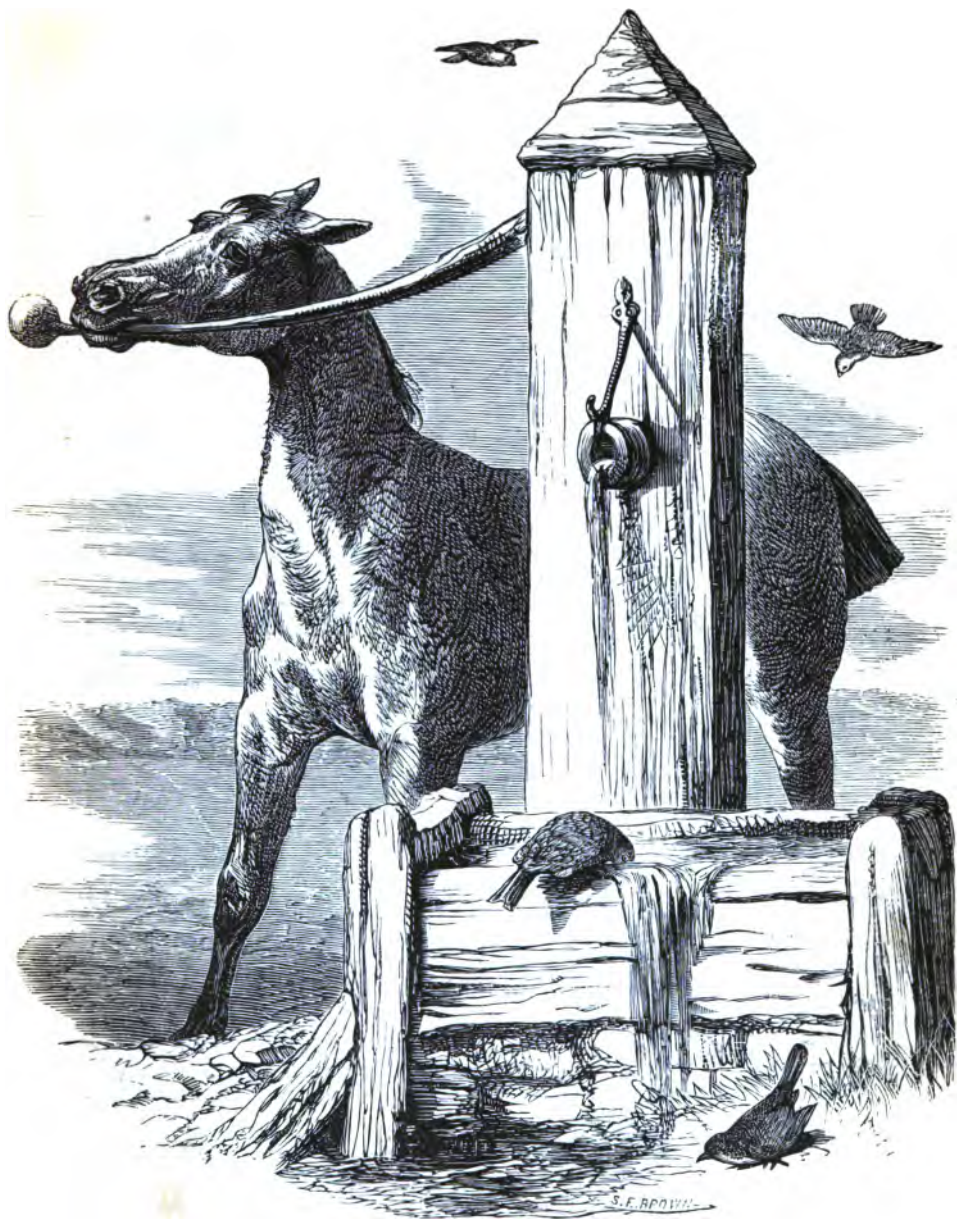
At last the basket hit the top of a tree; and the children saw men and women running this way and that to catch hold of the rope which hung from the basket. Soon a man caught hold of the rope; and the balloon was drawn down, and the children were taken out.

How glad they were! Their father and mother soon came to them, and a happy meeting it was. The folks of the town where the balloon was stopped were so glad that they fired cannon, and rang all the bells.

CHICAGO, ILL.

MARY E. DUNBAR.





THE HORSE WHO COULD PUMP.



## THE HORSE WHO COULD PUMP.

I HAVE told you of a cat who could lift the latch of a door; but I have not yet told you of a horse who could pump.

What I tell you now is true. A friend of mine had a horse, who, when the trough was not full, would take hold of the handle of the pump with his teeth, and move it up and down, till there was as much water as he would like to drink.

Once, on a hot day in June, when he had had his drink, the cows came up, and cried, "Moo," "Moo;" which meant, "Oh! we wish we had some water!"

Then the good horse went to work, and pumped for them, up and down, up and down; and they all had a good drink, and were glad.



### “GET UP, NANNY!”

PAUL had for his birth-day present a little wag'on, with harness for Nanny the goat; so that Nanny can drag him round, led by his sister Lucy.

Paul takes a stick in his hand, and cries out, “Get up,

Nanny!" while Lucy walks by Nanny's head, and sees that she does not run, or act so as to upset the wagon.

Nanny is a good goat. She knows she will be well fed if she be-haves well; and, though Lucy has a whip in her hand, Lucy does not have to use it to make Nanny mind.

One day a strange dog came up and barked: but Nanny put her horns down to hit him; and then the strange dog ran off, and did not try to harm them.

Paul is quite proud of his little wagon; and, when he sees a baby, he says to Lucy, "Take me out, and let baby ride." So you see he is not a self'ish boy. He likes to have oth'er chil'dren use his wagon and enjoy it.

That is right. If you have a play'thing, you must not keep it all to yourself. You must love to let others take it and enjoy it.

ANNA L—.



### "OLD COW, GIVE ME MILK."

"Cows give milk, so people say:

    Please, old cow, to give me some.

    With my little mug I come:

I would like it right away."

With this little mug held out,

    Tommy thus to Flora said;

    But old Flora shook her head,

And on Tommy looked in doubt.

Sly, the cat, was on the hay;

    And two hens were hunting near:

    Whether they all laughed to hear,

That is more than I can say.

Flora looked so good and kind,  
Tommy thought he'd try to tease;  
So he said, "Old Flora, please  
Fill my mug." She did not mind.



Then the boy began to cry:  
"You're a bad old cow," he said.  
"You the little calf have fed:  
Why can't I have milk too? Why?"

## . BELLY AND THE ROBIN.

LITTLE Robin Red-Breast  
Sat upon a tree,  
Singing, "Cherries, cherries,  
Were you made for me?"

"No!" cried little Billy,  
Who the robin heard:  
"God did not make cherries  
For a thieving bird."

"Ho!" sang little robin,  
Very loudly too:  
"I think God is willing  
I should have a few."

"Stop," cried little Billy:  
"Don't you think I know?"  
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

These are papa's cherries:  
So you'd better go."

"Did your papa make them?"  
Sang the robin red.  
"No!" cried little Billy,  
Hanging down his head.

"Come back, little robin!  
You may have a few:  
There's enough for birdies,  
And for Billy too."

So the little robin  
Sang that summer day,  
"Thank you, thank you, Billy!"  
Then she flew away.

AUNT CLARA.

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## WHAT I SAW IN BERMUDA.

BERMUDA is an island lying far out in the ocean, about eight hundred miles south of New York. Jack Frost never comes there; but the sun is bright and warm, and the trees are green, and the flowers bloom the whole year round.

The sea is just the blue color of the sky, and is so clear, that one can look down sixty feet, and see large fishes and little fishes swimming about below.

The fishes are of all shades and colors, from bright scarlet to silvery gray. But the oddest fish of all is the flying-fish, which on warm days skims over the water like a swallow.

He looks like a large dragon-fly, with long fins like wings on the front part of his body, just behind his gills. He cannot fly far, though; for, as soon as the sun dries his wings, he drops back into the water. We could not help laughing as we watched his queer motions.

There are many pretty shells on the strand, which are washed up by the sea after a storm ; and marine flowers cling to the rocks.

These flowers are beautiful to look at ; but they make the fingers that touch them tingle for a long time.

The island is formed upon a coral reef. Do you know what that is ? I will tell you.

Perhaps you know, that, if the bed of the sea were drained, it would be found full of hills and valleys like the dry land. On some of these hills, which nearly touch the surface of the water, millions of little insects are constantly building a structure, which rises slowly, higher and higher, until it appears above the sea, and is called a coral reef.

Many a brave ship has been wrecked by striking upon these reefs. But, after a while, the rough branches of the coral catch whatever the tide bears towards them ; solid earth gathers about them ; the winds waft seeds ; and at last they become fit for the abode of men.

In this way, Bermuda first rose from out the sea. That was longer ago than man can tell. But the little coral insects are always busy ; and we sailed over many large reefs which in time will be dry land too.

A. G. T.





## BABY AND THE FLY.

BABY-BY, here's a fly :  
We will watch him, you and I.  
There he crawls up the walls ;  
Yet he never falls.  
I believe, with those six legs,  
You and I could walk on eggs.  
There he goes, on his toes,  
Tickling baby's nose !

Spots of red dot his head ;  
Rainbows on his wings are spread ;  
That small speck is his neck :  
See him nod and beck !  
I can tell you, if you choose,  
Where to look to find his shoes :  
Three small pairs, made of hairs,  
These he always wears.

Black and brown is his gown :  
He can wear it upside down.  
It is laced round his waist :  
I admire his taste.  
Pretty as his clothes are made,  
He will spoil them, I'm afraid,  
If to-night he gets sight  
Of the candle-light.

He can eat bread and meat :  
There's his mouth between his feet.  
On his back is a sack,  
Like a peddler's pack.  
Does the baby understand ?  
Then the fly shall kiss her hand.  
Put a crumb on her thumb :  
May-be he will come.

Round and round, on the ground,  
On the ceiling, he is found.  
Catch him ? No : let him go !  
Never hurt him so.  
Now you see his wings of silk  
Drabbled in the baby's milk.  
Fy ! oh, fy ! foolish fly :  
How will you get dry ?

All wet flies twist their thighs,  
So they wash their heads and eyes :  
Cats, you know, wash just so ;  
Then their whiskers grow.  
Flies have hair too short to comb ;  
Flies go all bareheaded home ;  
But the gnat wears a hat :  
Do you laugh at that ?

L. M.





LAURA IN THE CARS GOING TO NEWPORT.





## LAURA AT NEWPORT.

IN FIVE SCENES.

BY A PAPA.

SCENE FIRST.

LAURA ON THE BEACH.

LAURA went all the way in the cars to Newport with her mamma. They went from Boston, that they might bathe in the sea, and enjoy the pure air from the ocean.



## SCENE SECOND.

## LAURA GOING TO TAKE HER FIRST BATH.

Laura and her mother have put on their bathing-dresses; and now John the coachman is taking Laura in his arms to give her a dip in the salt water.

She thinks it will be fine fun. There are folks not far off, who seem to be having a good time in the water. They splash it about, and they laugh loud.

"Is the water deep, mamma?" asks Laura.

"It is deep enough to give my little girl a good bath," says mamma. "You must shut your eyes, and take care not to swallow the salt water."



## SCENE THIRD.

LAURA THINKS SHE HAS HAD ENOUGH.

"Please, John," said Laura, after her first dip in the water, "I think I have had enough."

"Oh, no, Laura! try it once more," said her mother.

"Please, mamma, I think the sea is too big a bath for such a little girl as I am. My own bath-tub is better."

Here John gave her another dip, which almost took her breath away. But Laura was a brave girl, and did not cry.

"Please, now, we will go back to Boston," she said.

But her mamma laughed, and said, "Oh, no! We must stay in Newport till your papa comes. Now, one more dip!"

Laura shut her eyes, but kept still while John gave her one more dip in the sea.



## SCENE FOURTH.

## WHO IS AFRAID ?

The next day, Laura said she would go in alone with her mamma: she would not need John to carry her.

So her mamma led her, in her little striped dress, into the sea; and they had a fine frolic.





## SCENE FIFTH.

## LAURA LOOKS AT THE BATHERS.

When Laura came out from the sea, and after Jane the maid had rubbed her dry with a towel, Laura sat and looked at the bathers.

She laughed to see her mother swim about, and then empty a pail of water over her own head.

"Only look at mamma!" she cried. "I want to go in again, that I may have a pail of water thrown over *me*."

"Oh! not now," said Jane. "You can try it to-morrow. You must be dressed now."

"I love to go in the sea to bathe," said Laura; "and, if papa were only here, I would like to stay in Newport all summer. Only look at that stout lady who is going in!"

"Come, come, you must have on your dress," said Jane.



## CROSSING THE FERRY.

JAMES and his mother have been passing the summer at a farm near a river, where there is no bridge.

So, when they want to cross to the other bank of the river, they go to a man who has a boat; or, if they cannot see the man, they blow a horn that is tied to a post, and then the man soon comes.

They get into his boat, which is flat, so that it will float in shallow water. Then the man takes a long pole, and pushes the boat across.

James loves to be in the country where he can hear the birds sing, and see the squirrels and the sheep and the cows. He hopes to be a farmer one of these days, and I hope he will not change his mind.



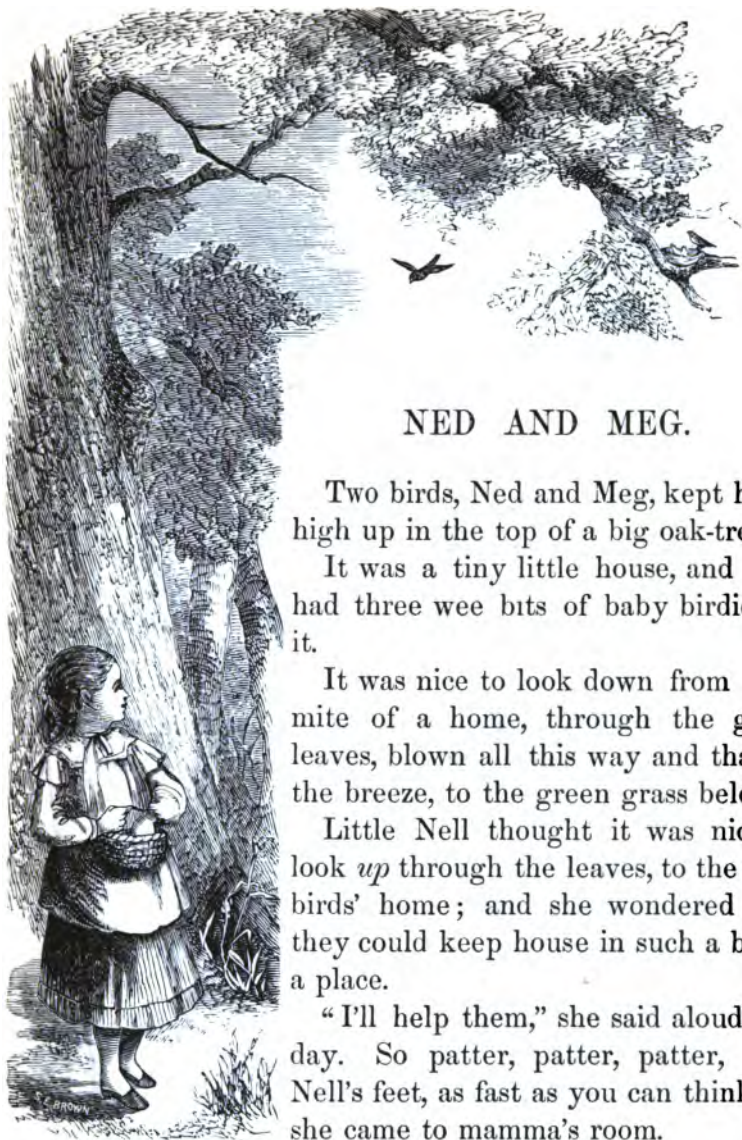
## LEARNING TO WALK.

Now come, little lady, and cease your alarms :  
Take only three steps, and you'll be in my arms.  
You need not be greatly afraid of a fall :  
The carpet is soft, and *you* are quite small.

Now courage ! That's brave : another step now !  
Look up, never fear ! Come, I'll teach you how.  
Well done ! Not a fall have you had on the floor :  
Come, venture another, a single step more.

You've taken two steps : don't cry at a third.  
Come ! Forward, my darling ! Come, mother's own bird !  
That's right ! Here she is — safe, safe from alarms,  
With not a bone broken — in mother's own arms !

EMILY CARTER.



## NED AND MEG.

Two birds, Ned and Meg, kept house high up in the top of a big oak-tree.

It was a tiny little house, and they had three wee bits of baby birdies in it.

It was nice to look down from their mite of a home, through the green leaves, blown all this way and that by the breeze, to the green grass below.

Little Nell thought it was nice to look *up* through the leaves, to the little birds' home; and she wondered how they could keep house in such a bit of a place.

"I'll help them," she said aloud, one day. So patter, patter, patter, went Nell's feet, as fast as you can think, till she came to mamma's room.

"Please, mamma, I want some crumbs to help keep the birdies' house. It's so little, they can't do it alone, I'm sure."

"I like to have my little girl love the birds," said mamma. So Nell ran back, right away, with a basket full of crumbs.



"Twit, twit, twit! what's that?" said Meg, as she spread her nice soft wings over her babies, to keep them warm. "What's that? do tell."

"Twit, twit, twit!" said Ned: "I'll see." So Ned's feet went hop, hop, hop, along the branch; and bob went his little head this way and that, as he peeped down through the green leaves.

"Twit, twit, twit, ha, ha! I see!" And down he flew, through the leaves on to the soft green grass.

"Twit, twit, twit! thank you, little miss! You are very kind to stand so far away. I'm not very brave, you see." And up he flew with a crumb in his beak.

"Twit, twit, twe-et!" said Meg: "what a nice bit! Babies must have it."

So off she flew, and down went the crumb into one little bird's mouth.

"Swit, swit, swit!" said they all; and away flew both Ned and Meg, down through the leaves again, to the soft, green grass; and bob this way and that went their tiny heads all the time, while they picked up little Nell's crumbs.

Nell stood as still as a mouse, till Ned and Meg flew away again, up, up, up, through the leaves, with more crumbs in their beaks for the baby birds.

"Swit, swit, swit!" said the wee bits of birdies, from their tiny home in the top of the tree.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed little Nell, from the grass, way below. "I wish I could see you, that I do!"

But Ned and Meg were very wise, and only bobbed their heads about, and kept their babies safe at home.

"Good-by, you funny little things," said Nell; and off she ran.

"Twit, twit, twit!" said Ned and Meg. "A very nice little girl you are; but the babies are too small, you see. Come again, do. Twit, twit, twit!"

R. M.



## OUR DOG SANTO.

A TRUE STORY, IN TWO PARTS.

### PART ONE.

DEAR children, I am going to tell you about our dog, whose name is Santo. He is a very nice and playful dog. He is large, much larger than when papa bought him. He is mostly black; but he has white legs, a white tail, and is white about his neck. He has been with us nearly a year.

When he came to us, he was about as large as a good-sized cat. I have told you his name is Santo; but that is only his first name. Santo Bernardino is his whole name. Santo means saint; Bernardino means Bernard. It is an Italian

word. He is called so because he belongs to the breed known as the St. Bernard.

Away off among the mountains of Switzerland, there is a house for travellers, where they keep these dogs, and send them out to find people who are lost in the snow. When the dogs find any one, they run back, and bark till they bring out their masters, who follow the dogs, and find the traveller who is lost.

In some places, the snow is so deep, that the masters would not know where to go if they did not see the bushy tail of the dog coming up through it. One of these dogs saved the lives of thirteen persons. His name was Barry. He was never willing to stay in the house when there was a snow-storm on the mountains, but would bark till they let him out.

If he found any one in the snow, he would bark at the door, till he made his masters come out to the poor lost traveller, and carry him to their home. Then he would appear to be very happy. I think he was a kind dog, and loved to do good.

Our dog Santo has a snug little house, which my father made for him. In cold weather, it was all tight except where he entered. But, when warm weather came, the dog knocked off all the boards on the back side of his house: so now he has a back door and a front door.

He is kept chained most of the time; but sometimes he breaks his chain, and runs down to the pond, and goes in swimming. When he hears any of us call him, he will give a bound, and rush towards us as if he thought he ought to mind. He loves to play in the snow.

One day, I was out of doors with my sled; and he saw me, and ran after me, and jumped on my back, and barked very loud just as I was ready to coast, and seemed to say, "Now

we are ready to start; let us be off down hill." And off we did go together, and had a good roll in the snow.

When the boys who live near us have a frolic in the fresh snow, Santo is there with them, and they all roll and tumble together in it. Sometimes Santo gets on their backs, and sometimes they get on his; and I cannot tell which likes the fun the most, the boys or the dog.

One day, when the snow was very deep, and papa was making a path, Santo jumped and frolicked about him so that he could hardly work.

He would run off a little way, roll in the snow, then come back, and catch hold of papa's coat, and hold it with his teeth, and shake his head, and pull papa hard, as if to make him leave his work and play with him.

Then papa would throw a shovel full of snow on Santo's back; and he would shake himself, and with a loud bark catch hold of papa's coat again.

When any one asks him to shake hands, he will give his paw, — first the right, then the left one.

He likes to chase the hens; and sometimes he makes them run all over the garden, while he runs after first one and then another.

Sometimes Santo runs away, and papa has to go and find him; and, when he comes back home with papa, Santo looks as though he knew he had been very naughty, and expected a whipping. Next month, I will tell you more of Santo.

GERTIE ADAMS.





## ARTHUR WANTS TO SWAP HORSES.

I KNOW a little boy who lives in the country, and whose father is poor ; and this little boy, whose name is Charles, is made quite happy when some one gives him a top or a marble to play with.

I know another little boy, whose name is Arthur, and who lives not far from Charles. And Arthur has so many toys and pets, that he does not care for them much.

He has doves and rabbits and a little dog; and the other day his father gave him a hobby-horse.

Arthur played with it an hour or two, and then went into the stable. John, the coach'man, had just got back from taking old Dobbin, the white horse, to the black'smith's to be shod.

So Arthur went up, and in-tro-duced his hobby-horse to Dobbin, and pat'ted Dobbin on the nose.

Then Arthur said to John, "I wish father would swap horses with me. I wish he would take this old hobby, and give me Dobbin."

"You are too small a boy to ride a live horse," said John.

"Small, am I?" said Arthur. "You should have seen me chase the geese into the pond. You should see how the old roost'er runs when I come near him."

"You're a brave boy, Arthur, but you must not be in too much of a hurry to be a man," said John.

The next day, Arthur told his papa that he thought he was too old a boy to play with a hobby-horse; and his papa said, "Then you shall give it to a poor boy who will like it better than you do."

So, the next day, Arthur took his hobby-horse, and gave it to Charles; and Charles is so pleased with it, that he takes it to bed with him, and rides it the first thing in the morning.

IDA FAY.







## THE SCARECROW.

I'm a little scarecrow :  
 Here I sit all day,  
 With my wooden clapper,  
 Scaring crows away.

When they come down flying,  
 Just to steal the wheat,  
 Then I sound my clapper,  
 And away they fleet.

"Crows, you mustn't rob us ;  
 That's against the law :"  
 Off they go in anger,  
 Crying, "Caw, caw, caw !"

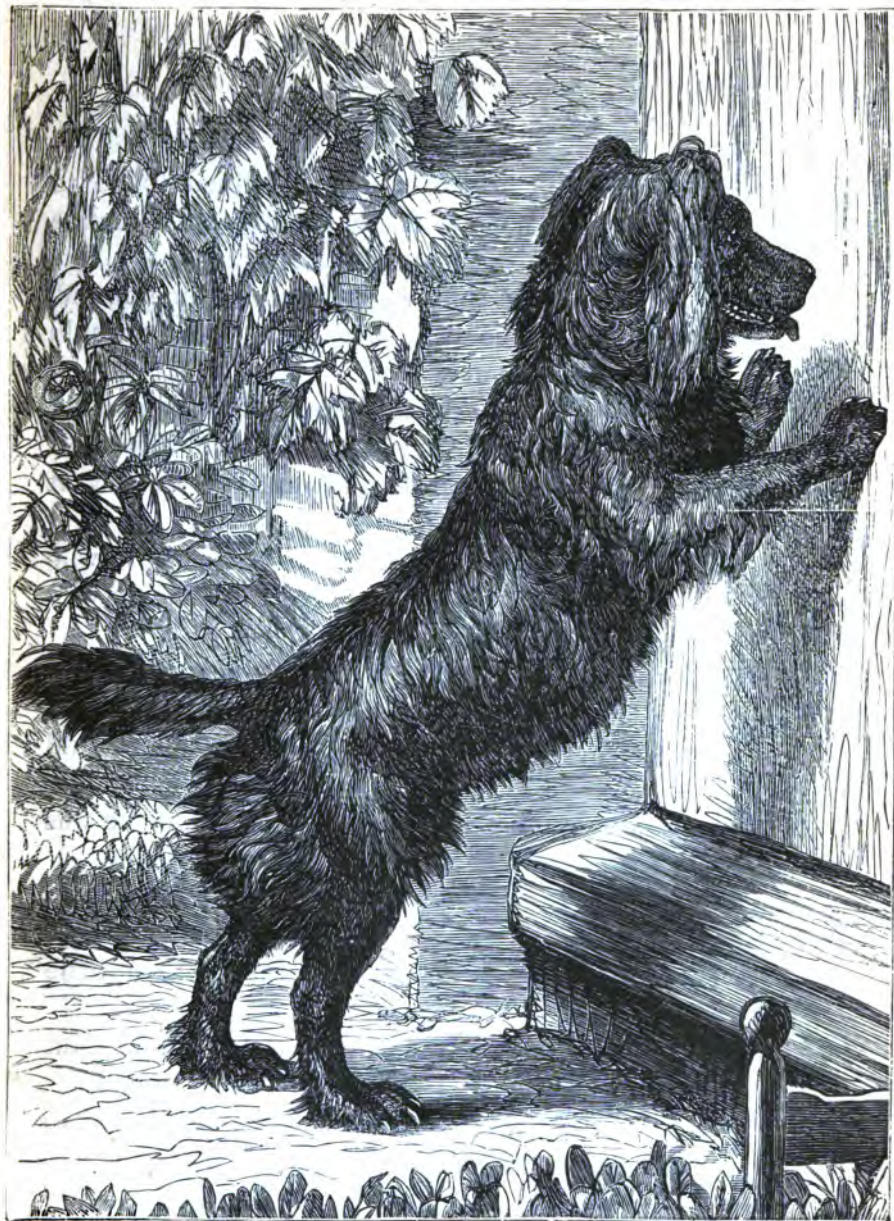
You may think I'm lonely,  
 Sitting here all day,  
 Watching these black robbers,  
 Driving them away.

But so much to think of  
 Have I, I'm not sad :  
 Every leaf and flower  
 Helps to make me glad.

Every little insect  
 Has a word of cheer ;  
 Breezes mild caress me ;  
 God himself seems near.

EMILY CARTER.





**MY SUNDAY VISITOR.**

## MY SUNDAY VISITOR.



Did you ever hear of a dog who liked to go to church? Well, a friend of mine had such a dog, and this dog's name was Ben.

Ben knew well when Sunday came round. As soon as the bells began to ring, he would take his place on the front-door step.

When the folks came out to walk to church, Ben would get up, and walk by their side, and go with them into their pew, and stay there still all the time till the serv'ice was at an end.

But one Sunday a new preach'er was in the pul'pit, who spoke very loud, and threw his arms about in a strange way as if he meant to hit somebody.

Ben stood it as long as he could; but at last, when the man spoke so loud as to make the folks start, Ben, too, start'ed up, and began to bark, for he thought the man would do some harm.

Poor Ben was led in dis-grace out of church, and he was never per-mit'ted to come again.

So, when Sunday came, Ben was quite sad, and did not know what to do with himself. At last he found out, that, about a mile from his mas'ter's house, there was a little cot'tage, where Uncle Charles lived.

Now, Uncle Charles is sick, and cannot go to church. But he is a friend to dogs, and once gave Ben a bone to pick.

And now, every Sunday, soon after the bells begin to ring for church, Uncle Charles hears a scratch'ing at his front door.

He opens it; and there stands Ben, who gives a little low

whine, which means, "Good morn'ing. How do you do? I have come to sit with you while the folks are at church."

So Ben walks in, and sits down on the rug; and, if it is a hot day, Uncle Charles gives him a saucer of milk or water.

Ben keeps very still while Uncle Charles reads his Bible; and, when an hour has passed, Ben gets up, and wags his tail, which means, "Now it is time for me to go home to meet the folks as they come from church."

So Uncle Charles opens the door and says, "Good-by, Ben: come and see me again next Sunday." And then Ben trots off, quite hap'py and con-tent.

UNCLE CHARLES.



### RUTH'S DOG LEO.

LEO is Ruth's dog. He is a curly-haired dog, and ten months old,—just the same age as Artie, Ruth's baby-brother.

Leo is as play'ful as a kitten, and as good-natured as a dog can be. He tries to make friends with Tab the cat.

He often walks up to her, look'ing very pleas'ant. He wags his tail, and whines, as much as to say, "How pretty you look! I *wish* you would let me play with you."

Then Tab puts her back up until it looks as shock'ing as the Grecian bend. Her hairs stick out straight all over her, from her ears to the tip of her tail. Her eyes glare; and she growls, as much as to say, "Don't dare to come near me. How I would like to bite and scratch you!"

But Leo *does* go a little nearer. His paw is gently put forth, and his nose slides along on the floor until it is pretty close to Tab. But just then, quick as a flash, she slaps his nose with her paw, and spits at him, and then jumps up into a chair.

Leo never loses his tem'per. He keeps on try'ing to make Tab his friend. Tab may yet learn to treat him as a good cat ought.

Leo does not know much yet, ex-cept mis'chief. Last win'ter Ruth's father har'nessed Fanny, the horse, into the sleigh, and left her standing at the door. Leo was there; and he dug his nose under the buf'fa-lo robes, and pulled the hal'ter out into the snow.

But he was not con-tent with this; so he got hold of the reins, that were thrown around the dash'er, and he pulled and pulled.

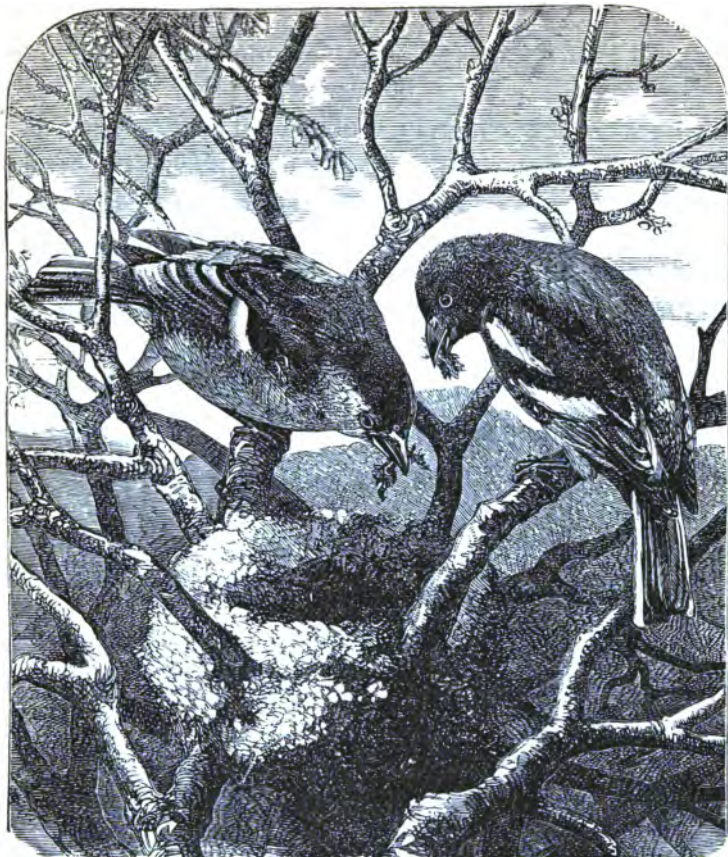
Fanny thought some person was hold'ing the reins, and she be-gan to back. Just then Ruth's father came out, and stopped Leo's fun pretty quick.

Perhaps I may tell you more about Leo some time.

E. H. TRAFTON.







## THE THIEVISH WREN.

"PLEASE, Aunt Lucy, tell us a story," cried sev'er-al little voices.

"Well, chil'dren, what shall it be about?"

"Oh! a true story, auntie: we like true stories best," said Edwin.

"Then I will tell you of the little nest on the maple-tree. One day last spring, Charles called to me, 'O mother! see, there are two little brown birds with straws in their mouths!'

"I looked up, and saw the birds lay the straw on some

twigs, and then fly away. In a few mo'ments, back one of them came with a long hair, which it left by the straw. Then I picked up some bits of thread and scraps of soft silk, which Charles took, and hung on a li'lac-bush near by.

"The bush was so near my win'dow, I could reach my hand out, and gath'er the blos'soms; but the little bird was not afraid, though we sat close by the win'dow. It would tip its little head on one side, and look at me with its bright eye, as if to say, 'I am sure you will not hurt me.'

"Then it would go on bring'ing dried grass, little roots, and soft moss. Soon it spied the threads Charles had hung out, and it began to use them.

"Day after day we watched the build'ing of the nest. We found there were two birds; and that one would bring the moss and the threads, while the other would weave them into the nest.

"At last the nest was fin'ished; and, while the mother bird sat qui'et-ly in it, her mate would bring worms and food to her. One day, the mother-bird flew off from her nest, and in it we saw four little white eggs, speckled with brown.

"The next morn'ing, we heard a cry of dis-tress from our wee brown bird; and, look'ing out, there was a plump little wren, try'ing to drive our birdie from her nest! We drove the wren away, but back she would come.

"At last, when no one was near, she drove the poor mother-bird off, and ate her eggs. Was it not too bad?

"The wren is a sweet singer; but, alas! she is a naugh'ty little thief to eat other birds' eggs. And some-times, when a little bird has built a nice nest, the wren will drive her away, and take the nest for her own."

"O auntie, what a self'ish bird! I shall not like her any more, though she *is* so pretty, and *does* sing so sweetly," said Edwin.

“No, children : we never love self’ish-ness in any form ; and I hope, that, un-like the wren, you will always keep the golden rule, and do to others as you would have others do to you.”

AUNT LUCY.



## FREDDY AT THE SEASIDE.

LITTLE FREDDY went with his father and mother and his two sisters to the sea-shore. He had never seen the ocean before, and he thought it was very grand.

Fred had a little bask’et to car’ry his lunch’eon in ; but, when he want’ed to pick up some pretty shells and peb’bles,



he left his bask'et on the dry sand, and ran down to the water's edge.

He liked to have the waves come in over his feet. Sometimes he would put on his rub'ber boots, and then there was no dan'ger of wet'ting his feet. The water would slide back, and leave the sand shining like sil'ver.

By and by, Freddy felt hun'gry, and went to look for his basket. There he found a great black dog sitting close beside it, as if he meant to take care of the basket till the own'er came.

Freddy was afraid of him at first; but the dog looked so good-natured, that Freddy said, "Good old doggy," and patted his head.

Then Freddy took the basket to his mother; and she found a piece of bread and butter for the dog too. On the dog's collar was the name HERO; and he would give a short bark whenever his name was called.

When Freddy had fin'ished his lunch'eon, he ran across the beach, and Hero fol'lowed close by his side. Then Freddy picked up a stick, and showed it to the dog, and threw it into the water.

Hero plunged in quickly, and soon came out drip'ping with water; but in his mouth he held the stick, which he dropped at Freddy's feet.

So they played together all day, sometimes with sticks, and sometimes with pebbles, which Freddy threw on the sand; and Hero would always find the right pebble, though there were a great many on the beach.

At last, it was time for Freddy to go home, and he felt very sorry to leave his new friend; but his good mamma told him that per-haps he could go to the beach again next sum'mer, and find Hero there too.

A. L. A.



HORACE AND HIS BOAT.

## HORACE AND HIS BOAT.

I ONCE knew of a little boy whose name was Horace. He lived not far from New London. I think you must get your mamma or papa to tell you where New London is. It is quite near the water.

Horace was fond of sail'ing boats. Once he made a little boat with his pen-knife. He put a mast in it, and on the mast he fixed a sail; and, when the tide was low, he went with his sister Emma and the baby to sail it.

The wind sent it along quite nicely, and Horace was proud of his first boat. Though he was fond of the sea-side, he would always first ask his mamma if he might go there to play; and, if she said No, he would stay at home.

He learned to swim so well, that there were few small boys who could beat him in swim'ming. He could float and dive better than any boy in the town.

Once his father took him to New York, and they went to cross the East River in a ferry-boat. Horace was stand'ing near a poor woman with a baby in her arms, when all at once he saw the baby give a spring out of the woman's arms into the river.

How the peo'ple cried and shout'ed! Some tried to have the men stop the boat, and some threw a rope to the baby; but the baby was too young to know what it meant.

As for Horace, while the folks were crying and making a noise, he had thrown off his jacket, and jumped into the river; for he knew he could swim and float, and he felt strong and brave. His father did not stop him.

The baby float'ed a few mo'ments on the water, and then was seen to sink just as Horace swam near. But Horace

could dive, even while in the water : so down he went after the baby ; and he did not have to go far before he caught hold of something. It was the baby's dress.

How all the folks in the ferry-boat clapped their hands when they saw Horace come up, bear'ing the baby ! The little thing cried, and made a fuss, and well it might ; but Horace held it firm'ly, and kept tread'ing water, till a small boat came and took them both in.

The mother of the baby was wild with joy. She kissed and hugged Horace till he began to blush, and then she let him go. The folks on the boat all said that he was a noble little fellow, and de-served a med'al for his good con'duct.

The thought that he had saved a hu'man life was better to him than any medal ; and he was heard to say, " Why do people make such a fuss ? I knew I could swim : so where was the risk ? "

AUNT CHARLOTTE.

NEW-YORK CITY.



## OUR DOG SANTO.

A TRUE STORY, IN TWO PARTS.

PART SECOND.

WE have one black hen, which our dog Santo once fright'-ened so badly that she became diz'zy and was sick. But, when the hen got well, she had a great affection for him, and he for her.

She would stay round his house, and peck the grass and gravel while he was quite near. He would let her eat out of his dish, but he would not let the other hens come near it.

Santo is very roguish. He will sometimes go into the hen-house ; and, if there are any eggs in the nests, he will roll them out with his paw and eat them.

When he sees any of our folks coming, he will run and jump and bark to show his joy.

He likes both snow and rain. When it snows, he seems delighted. He runs about, barks very loud, and rolls in the snow; and the deeper it is, the better he seems to like it.

When it rains, he will come out of his house, and sit down on the grass, and get very wet.

I come now to the sad part of my story. When I began it, Santo was alive and well; and it was because we loved him so well, that I thought I would write a story about him.

But now we have no dog. I did not think, when I began to write about him, that I should have so sad an end to my little story of Our Dog Santo.

One day, when papa came home from Boston, he found that Santo had been in mis'chief again. He had been into the hen-house, and had eaten another egg.

Papa showed him the egg-shell, and re-proved him, and boxed his ears, saying, "Don't do that again, old fel'low."

We were all out near Santo's house with papa; and Santo seemed very much ashamed at being cor-rect'ed before the whole fam'i-ly. He hung his head, drooped his ears, and seemed sor'ry for his naugh'ty con'duct.

A short time after, as we were taking tea, a little boy rapped at the door, and told papa that our dog had just been killed on the rail-road.

We could hardly believe it; for it was only half an hour since we had seen him alive and well. But it was true. Our dear dog Santo was dead.

He had run up the rail-road bank just as the steam'boat train was pass'ing. It struck him on the head, and killed him at once. We could not help cry'ing, for we loved him very much. We shall not soon forget our dear dog Santo.





### FEEDING THE HENS.

JANE and Paul have gone out to feed the hens. Paul sits on the door-

step, while Jane throws the corn on the ground for the hens to eat.

I can see four, five, six young chicks. They are so small that they can not keep out of the way of harm, if the old hen is not near to help them.

One day last week a big rat tried to catch one of them to kill and eat. But our cat Jim saw what he was at, and ran and caught him before he could get back into his hole.

Paul loves to feed the hens. Jane will teach him to be good and kind to all the fowls of the air, and all the beasts of the field.

I do not like to see girls and boys try to hurt even a fly. The hens lay nice eggs for us. We should be good to them, and see that they do not want for food.





## THE NOSEGAY.

Oh, the precious nosegay,  
 Beautiful and sweet !  
 Summer's choicest flowers  
 Here together meet.

But there's not a flower  
 Half so sweet as this,  
 Holding up the nosegay  
 For me now to kiss.

That is right, my darling :  
 Love the pretty flowers ;  
 Seek them by the road-side  
 And in garden bowers.

Do not slight them ever,  
 For they teach us beauty ;  
 And to love God's flowers  
 Is a joy and duty.

EMILY CARTER.

## HOW THE CAT SERVED JOHNNY.



JOHNNY's papa had a large cat, that would follow him just like a pet dog when he walked alone in the garden.

She would run before him, and then run back to rub against him, and purr; for pussy liked Johnny's papa very much. I'll tell you why she liked him: because at meal-times every one in the house would chase her out of the dining-room, except Johnny's papa.

So, if she could slip in at a door or window, she would run under his chair, and purr for a bit of meat.

When he stopped feeding her, she would climb up Johnny's high chair, and watch for a taste of his nice supper. Little Johnny, who was only three years old, played so hard all day that he could seldom keep awake at the tea-table.

Johnny would take a piece of meat on his fork, and put it up to his mouth; but he could not always find his mouth. Then puss would strike the fork with her paw, catch the meat in her mouth, and run off in a hurry.

That would make sleepy Johnny open his eyes and laugh; for Johnny and puss were great friends.

Little Johnny was so fond of water, that the bath-room had to be fastened all the time, to keep him from spending the day in the tub. One day he was found in the barn, pumping water on his little sister.

When it rained, Johnny had to be locked in the house; for he would insist on playing in the puddles, and running in the rain with bare head and feet.

L. H.



## NORA AT HOME.

*IN FIVE PICTURES BY FROLICH.*

### I.—NORA AND HER BLOCKS.

NORA wants to comb her mamma's hair ; but her mamma thinks that she can do it best herself. So she gives Nora her little box of blocks, with printed letters on them, to play with.



## II. — PAPA'S LETTER.

Nora's papa has gone away on a voyage. Nora wants to know why he has gone. "To earn money."—"And why money?"—"To make the pot boil."—"But I do not want to make the pot boil."—"With money we can buy sugar-plums and fine clothes."—"Ah, then!" cried Nora, "I would like to go away too, and earn money with papa."—"But with money we can do better things still."—"What better things, mamma?"—"We can help the poor and the sick. We can make presents to good little girls."—"Oh, that is best of all! I do not like money, mamma; but I do like to spend it."





## III. — TRYING TO COMFORT MAMMA.

Papa has not written for some days, and mamma is sad. Nora tells her all her pretty stories, to console her; but mamma does not smile. Then Nora caresses her mamma, and says to her, "If I were papa, I would make you smile all the time." And now mamma smiles at last, and Nora is happy.



## IV. — COMBING UNCLE'S HAIR.

Nora has had a visit from her Uncle William, who, as he is apt to do, comes with his pocket full of good things. Nora thanks him, and invites him to sit down in the arm-chair, and let her comb his hair, and part it nicely. "But, ah! what does this mean?" cries Nora: "here is no hair on the top of your head. What has become of it?" — "It was shot off in battle," says Uncle William. "Then my dear mamma has never been in battle," says Nora, "for she has a good deal of hair." I am sorry to see Uncle William has a cigar. Throw it away, and don't smoke, Uncle William!



## V. — TALKING TO THE MINISTER.

The minister calls, and takes Nora in his arms. She at once begins to tell him of the great thing she has found out about Uncle William. "All the hair from the top of his head is gone," she said; "and it was shot off,—shot off in battle. The bullets came one after another, till every hair was gone. Uncle William told me so himself."—"Well, my dear," says the minister, "if Uncle William told you so, I will not dispute it; but I think the battle he meant was the battle of life, and its cares and troubles were the bullets that thinned his hair."





### A HUCKLEBERRY PARTY.

Do you want to know who these children are, and what they are doing under those fine old walnut-trees? I will tell you.

Huckleberries are ripe, as they are every year in Maine if the season be good. But Willie and Mary and Ruth have never seen them growing before.

These children, you must know, live in Iowa, where the soil is too rich for huckleberry bushes; for these little bushes love hard and rocky soil.

But this summer, father and mother and children have all come on to see grandfather and grandmother; and the children delight to take their baskets, and go out among the rocks and trees, and by the borders of the woods, to pick berries.

John Wilson goes with them; for he knows all the best places where berries grow, and they would be soon lost without John.

They have now filled their baskets, and are sitting under the trees to rest themselves. Soon they will go home ; and, when the tea-table is set, they will each have a bowl of fresh milk, and put some berries in it, and so eat them.

I know a little boy, who, by picking berries, earned money enough to buy all the books he needed at school, and to subscribe for "The Nursery" besides. He is a bright little boy, and his name is Charles Jackson.

Many quarts of huckleberries are sent to the large cities and sold. They are used in pies and puddings ; and sometimes they are preserved for winter use.

John Wilson says that he has an uncle who lives in California ; and his uncle is going to send them, in September, a large box of California grapes. I would like to be with him when that box is opened. Wouldn't you ?

AUNT MARY.



THE TWO BIRDIES.



## LOST! THREE LITTLE ROBINS!

OH! where is the boy, dressed in jacket of gray,  
Who climbed up a tree in the orchard to-day,  
And carried my three little birdies away?

They hardly were dressed,  
When he took from the nest  
My three little robins, and left me bereft.

O wrens! have you seen, in your travels to-day,  
A very small boy, dressed in jacket of gray,  
Who carried my three little robins away?

He had light-colored hair,  
And his feet were both bare.  
Ah, me! he was cruel and mean, I declare.

O butterfly! stop just one moment, I pray:  
Have *you* seen a boy, dressed in jacket of gray,  
Who carried my three little birdies away?

He had pretty blue eyes,  
And was small of his size :  
Ah! he must be wicked, and not very wise.

O bees! with your bags of sweet nectarine, stay :  
Have *you* seen a boy, dressed in jacket of gray,  
And carrying three little birdies away?  
Did he go through the town,  
Or go sneaking around  
Through hedges and by-ways, with head hanging down?

O boy with blue eyes, dressed in jacket of gray!  
If you will bring back my three robins to-day,  
With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay :  
I'll sing all day long  
My merriest song,  
And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.

Bobolinks! did you see my birdies and me,  
How happy we were on the old apple-tree,  
Until I was robbed of my young, as you see ?  
Oh, how can I sing,  
Unless he will bring  
My three robins back to sleep under my wing!

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

AUNT CLARA.





## THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE bright blue waves, how grand they are!  
As far as eye can reach,  
In circling lines of silvery foam  
They break along the beach.

And look across at yonder point, —  
See how the lighthouse towers!  
When darkness comes, a shining light  
Will cheer the gloomy hours.

The sailors watch the beacon-lamp,  
And keep from danger free:

They know that jagged rocks are there,  
Concealed beneath the sea.

Are you not glad that kindly hands  
Have reared the tower so white?  
When evening comes, we'll look that way,  
And see its brilliant light.

DORCHESTER.

C. A. M.



*A MERRY TEA-PARTY.*



## THE CANARY THAT WENT TO SEA.

OUR Wallie is a little boy six years old. His papa is captain of a steamboat, and Wallie loves dearly to go in the boat. But, as he attends school, his papa can only take him with him once a week.

Not long ago, it was vacation in the schools; and one day the captain of a steamship that had just come from Boston asked us to take dinner with him on the ship.

Wallie was very happy of course, and he had a grand time running and playing all over the ship. But the thing



that pleased him most was a canary-bird belonging to the mate of the ship, who had taken great pains to tame it, and teach him tricks.

When he puts his finger between the wires of the cage the bird pecks at it, and pretends to fight very hard; but, if any one else tries it, he keeps away as far as he can.

When the mate tells him to "play dead," he will stretch himself flat on his back, and lie as stiff as if really dead.

He flies all about the ship, on the masts, and in the rigging; but when the mate whistles, and calls, "Dick!" he comes right to him. He knows how to obey better than some little boys and girls do.

Once, when the ship was in a great storm, the mate hung Dick's cage in the ship's galley, or kitchen, so that the bird would be warm. When he went in again to look at it, the cage had fallen down into the water, that nearly filled the little room, and Dick was nowhere to be seen.

At last the mate found him perched on the top of an axe-handle, trying to keep out of the water, that was almost up to him. Poor Dick was very much frightened, and it took him a long time to get over it.

Wallie's mamma has a canary too, and a large cat, that is two years older than Wallie. Some time I may tell you about the funny tricks this cat has learned.

COUSIN Puss.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.





## LAZY RALPH.

I KNOW a boy, who, when he is sent to do a thing, is apt to play by the way ; or else he will stop, and look at a bird or a dog, till it is too late for him to do what he has been told to do.

One day he was sent with a note to a man who lived near a creek ; but, when he came to the bridge, Ralph thought he would stop, and look from the bridge at the fish in the creek.

He had some crumbs of bread, and these he threw to the fish ; and he thought it was fine fun to watch them, as they tried to get the crumbs.

He staid an hour or more on the bridge, and then went on to give the note to the man ; but the man had left the town when Ralph got as far as his house.

Now, this man was a doctor ; and the note was to tell him to come and see a girl who was quite ill, and who might die if he could not come quick.

Ralph, by his bad, idle ways, might thus have caused the death of a poor girl ; but I am glad to say she got well. And, from that time, Ralph made up his mind that he would change his ways, and, when told to do a thing, do it at once.



SEE THE TWO SWANS SWIMMING ON THE POND.



### KISS ME QUICK.

Kiss me quick, my baby boy, —  
Mother's darling, mother's joy!  
Beat the little drum no more;  
Let the horse lie on the floor.

Do not move a foot or hand:  
Kiss me, kiss me, where you stand, —  
Through the chair while I am kneeling,  
And the flies look from the ceiling.

That's a noble little boy!  
Mother's darling, mother's joy!  
'Twas a kiss well worth the getting:  
Kissing better is than fretting.

IDA FAY.



JUST TRY.

## JUST TRY.



HERE was once a little girl, and her name was Ellen. She had a kind mother, and a kind grandmother; and when she was yet a baby, and before she could walk, they would say to her, "Try, Ellen; just try."

So little Ellen thought she would try; and, when she tried, she found she could walk just a little if her mamma would hold her hands, and keep her from falling.

In a few days, her mamma said, "Now Ellen must try to walk alone." So Ellen tried; and, though she had two or three little falls on the carpet, she did not hurt herself much, but got up and tried again.

When Ellen grew to be four or five years old, and began to go to school, she would sometimes say, "This lesson is too hard for me: I cannot learn it."

Then she would say to herself, "Just try, Ellen." So she would try; and soon she would find that the lesson was all learnt.

Now I will tell you what happened to Ellen when she was a large girl, ten years old. She lived in the country; and the school to which she went was more than a mile from her father's house.

One cold day in March, as she left school to walk home, the sky grew dark, and the snow began to fall fast and thick. It was so thick that she lost her way, and sat down to rest herself.

Then she grew cold, and got up and walked on, till once more she was so tired that she had to sit down on a rock; and, while she sat there, she grew both cold and sleepy.

Now, Ellen had heard that there was great danger in

going to sleep when you are out-of-doors in the snow and the cold. People who go to sleep then may never wake up in this life, but freeze to death.

Ellen thought of all this; but she was so very, very sleepy that she thought she could not keep awake. But then, all at once, she called to mind her mother's words, "Just try;" and she thought how sad her mother would be to lose her little girl.

So Ellen got up and walked on, and all at once she saw a light. It came from the house of Mrs. Brown, who lived quite near: and Ellen went in; and Mr. Brown led her home safe and sound to her dear mother and father, who were getting anxious about her.

UNCLE CHARLES.



"NOW, ROVER, TAKE THE WHIP IN YOUR MOUTH; AND NOW STAND ON YOUR HIND LEGS: JUST TRY."



## LITTLE MABEL.

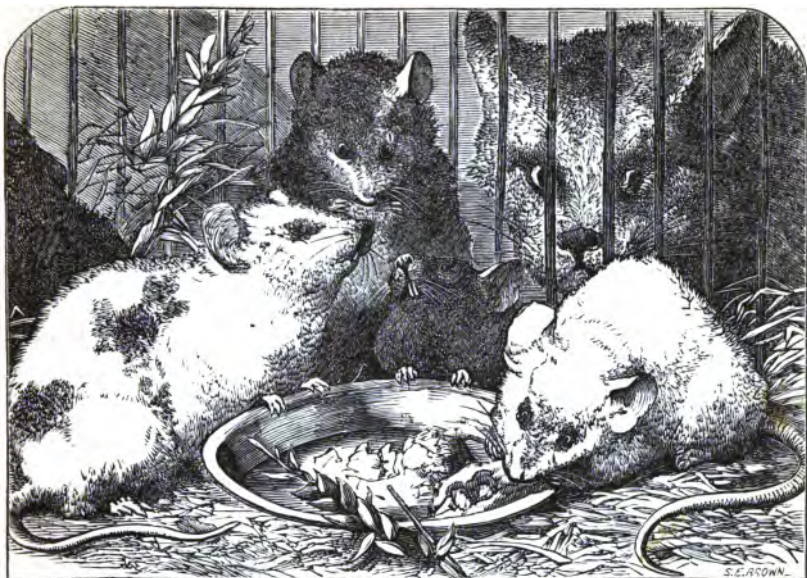
ALL day long my little Mabel  
Worked as hard as she was able,  
Chasing butterflies and bees, .  
Underneath the apple-trees;  
Stringing daisies in a chain  
For her dolly, Lady Jane.

Mabel was so very busy,  
That it made me almost dizzy  
Just to watch her running over  
All the meadow, red with clover,  
Out into the shady lane  
With her dolly, Lady Jane.

There, beneath the spreading boughs,  
She has built her baby-house, —  
Bits of china, blue and white,  
Decked with butter-cups so bright:  
There at set of sun I found her,  
With her treasures all around her.

But so tired, my little lady,  
In her nook so cool and shady,  
That her dolly tightly clasping,  
And a tiny tea-cup grasping,  
Close beside her little table,  
Fast asleep, sat darling Mabel!

KATE CAMERON.



## MINNIE'S PETS.

LITTLE Minnie is four years old.

She has black curly hair, and very black eyes: some people call her a little gypsy.

Did you ever see a gypsy? If not, perhaps your mamma will tell you how they look, and what pretty baskets they make.

Now I am going to tell you about Minnie's pets. There are six in all, — a cat, a dog, two white mice and a dormouse, and a bird. I think that she likes the dog best, and I will tell you why.

One day, Minnie went into the woods on her papa's plantation to gather some nuts, and got lost. She cried very loud for her papa and mamma, but they could not hear her.

But the dog heard her, for he had been searching for her;

and, when he found Minnie, he gave a loud and joyful bark, as much as to say, "I have found her first!"

The dog's name is Prince. The cat is called Tabby: she is very fond of Minnie, and will sit on her lap for a long time. You may see a picture of Tabby watching the mice; but Minnie has taught her not to harm them.

Tabby does not like Prince, and will not eat out of the same dish with him. I once saw her box his ears because he came too near her.

Minnie's Aunt Laura named the two white mice. One is Lightfoot, and the other Snowflake; and the dormouse is Sleepyhead.

They live in a little house made of bars of thick wire. Every day, Minnie feeds them; and they will let her stroke their backs with her hand.

Cherry, the bird, is a very sweet singer: he lives in a pretty cage, and has seed to eat, and water to drink.

Every morning, Minnie opens a little door in the cage, and Cherry flies out: he lights upon her hands, and does not offer to fly away and leave her. I think that he must like Minnie very much.

ERNESTINE.





## THE ALPHABET FROLIC.

Now, who ever heard of a frolic like this?  
Such a sight, I am sure, you'd not willingly miss:

Twenty-six girls and boys, all with alphabet names!  
See them crowding up stairs, just come in from their games!

See, A enters first, with his cap and his slate;  
But B follows close, so as not to be late;  
C, D, E, and F are not very far back;  
G, H, I, and J hurry up on their track.

Look sharp, you'll see K, L, M, N, and O;  
P, Q, R, and S you can spy out, I know;  
T, U, V, and W, all you may find;  
And X, Y, and Z do not linger behind.

What fun and what frolic, what laughter and noise,  
They are making together, these girls and these boys!  
Oh, never before did woman or child  
See the alphabet act in a manner so wild!

IDA FAY



SEE THIS LITTLE BIRD! WHEN HE WANTS SOME SEED TO EAT, HE PULLS UP THAT LITTLE CART, AND FINDS HIS DINNER ALL READY FOR HIM THERE.



## EBEN'S DOVES.

EBEN had a flock of doves. I counted one, two, three, four, five, six, seven ; and I do not know how many more he had.

They had nice little houses by the side of the barn ; and they always seemed very happy as they flew in and out of their snug homes.

You may be sure they were well taken care of ; for Mr. Brown fed them, and Mrs. Brown often threw them out crumbs from her apron, and Martha Brown and Eben gave them a great many meals every day.

The doves might have suffered from over-eating ; but they had too much good sense to eat more than they wanted, just because they liked the taste of any thing. So they sometimes left part of the food for another time ; and they would perch on Eben's shoulder, or on Martha's, as much as to say, "Thank you."

I have heard of a poor tribe of savages who had no word for "Thank you ;" but these doves had a way of saying it, if they had not a word.

They were very tame. People used to look at them, and laugh to see them follow the children, and fly down on their

heads, or let them take them in their hands, and stroke their pretty feathers.

One day last summer, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and Martha and Eben, went to church. The weather was very warm, and the windows were open.

Just as the minister was reading a hymn, one of Eben's doves flew in at the window, went once round the church, and then lighted on the minister's shoulder.

It was little Ring-Neck, with the white spot on its neck; for Eben had a name for every one of his doves.

The minister went on reading; and I think he knew it was one of Eben's doves, for he and Eben were great friends.

The dove did not stay long, but very properly flew out of the same window that he had come through.

"So you did want to go to meeting, did you, little dear Ring-Neck?" said Eben, when he gave him his dinner; "and you behaved just as well as you knew how, you precious little dove."

s.



MAMMA IS READING A NICE STORY FROM "THE NURSERY" TO ELLEN AND JAMES.



## HELP ONE ANOTHER.

DUMB animals sometimes set us good examples. I will tell you a true story of two horses.

In the town of Indianapolis, there was a blind horse, who, one day last summer, wandered into the river, and then did not know how to get back to dry land.

Now, there was a good horse, whom the boys called Dick, and who was grazing near by, when he saw the blind horse swimming round in a circle in the river, and trying in vain to find the solid shore.

Dick must have thought to himself, "That poor horse can't see, or he would not act in that strange way. I will call to him: perhaps he will mind my voice."

So Dick began to neigh as loud as he could; but the blind horse still was at a loss to know which way to turn. Perhaps he was deaf as well as blind; for, though Dick would neigh quite loud, the poor blind horse still could not find his way out of the river.

Then Dick must have thought, "That poor horse will get tired by and by, and sink and drown, if I do not help him."

Then Dick went down to the river, and swam out to where the blind horse was, and touched noses, as much as to say, "Follow me;" and then guided the blind horse safely to the shore.

This kind act was seen by a great many people on the shore; and they cheered loudly as Dick came up on the bank with the blind horse behind him.

I hope you will be as ready to help a friend in need as poor Dick was. We must learn to be kind to one another, for kind acts and kind feelings will make us happy.



## WHAT AND WHERE?

LITTLE dimpled hands,  
Busy, wondrous hands,  
    What shall they do?  
When they older grow,  
And when more they know,  
    *Good* they must do.

Little rosy feet,  
Now so soft and sweet,  
    Where shall they go?  
When, some other day,  
They find out the way,  
    *Right* they must go.

Little tender child,  
So gentle now and mild,  
    What will you be?  
If you're good and true,  
Then to mother you  
    Will a blessing be.



### ANN'S LITTLE BROTHER.

ANN tries to teach John many things. She tries to teach him to count. She holds up her hand, and says, "Now, how many fingers have I?" "Three," says Johnny. "One, two, three, four, five," says Ann, counting from the thumb to the little finger. "This short one is the thumb; the next is the fore-finger; the next is the middle finger; the next is the fourth finger, called by some the ring-finger; the next is the little finger."



## II.

“Now, John,” says Ann, “come up stairs, and I will give you an apple, if you will tell me how many I lay out for you to count.” So they went up stairs; and Ann laid out four apples, and said, “There, John, now tell me how many apples I have put apart from the rest.” John thinks for some time, and then puts out three fingers of his right hand: but Mary shakes her head; and then John tries again. At last he cries out, “Four!” “Yes, that’s right,” says Ann; and she gives him not only an apple, but a kiss too.





## III.

Then Ann leads John out to see the sheep. Some are lying down on the grass, and one is tied by a rope to a post stuck in the earth. Ann plucks some blades of grass, and then takes John in her arms up to the old sheep and feeds her. John is not afraid. "Look at her soft wool," says Ann. From the sheep we get wool for our blankets and for our winter clothes. We must be kind to the sheep."

## KITTY CLOVER.

SOME one is knocking, some one is knocking:

I wonder now who it can be?

'Tis sweet Kitty Clover, three years, but not over:

She says she has come to take tea.

She says mamma sent her to see if I'll lend her

The book with green covers to read.

"Is't 'The Nursery?'" "Yes!" and she gives me a kiss,

Then runs for a chair with great speed.

So sweet Kitty Clover comes, smiling all over,

And takes a seat down by my side,

To see the wheelbarrows, and Jack's little sparrows,

And donkeys on which babies ride.

She spies a gray bunny, who sits up so funny,

And makes of his tail a nice chair.

She laughs at the rabbit, who has such a habit

Of throwing his feet in the air.

The book does not tire: she stops to admire,

And question of this one or that.

The tea-bell is ringing: no pleasure 'tis bringing,

She's just spied an old tabby-cat.

But tea is soon over, and sweet Kitty Clover

Must put on her hat and away.

So she says, with a sigh, "If I'd money, I'd buy

A 'Nursery' book every day."





## WHAT I SAW FROM OUR PIAZZA.

### A TRUE STORY.

ONE day last month, as we stood on our piazza, we saw a little Irish lad enter the yard, driving two horses with a heavily-loaded wagon of coal.

The road from the street to the house was steep and winding. It was a hard pull for the horses ; and, when about half way up, they gave out.

The forward horse, whose name was Billy, turned round, as much as to say, "We can't drag this any farther : it is no use trying."

Billy did not seem to know that a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, was the best way of getting along in the world.

The little driver led Billy to his place, and then mounted

to his seat, took up the reins once more, and tried to urge his team on.

As it was near sundown, he wanted to get through his work, that he might go home to his supper and rest.

But Billy shook his head, and turned round a second time against the wheel-horse, and would not move on a step. He looked round at the wagon, as if he would like to say, "I can't move that load, and I won't try to move it."

The lad got down from his seat, and came and patted Billy on the head, and coaxed him. The lad knew that it was a hard tug for Billy, and so he did not whip him, or scold him.

Billy shook his head still; and then the little boy threw his arms round Billy's neck, hugged him, gave him two or three loud kisses on the face, then led him gently once more to his place forward.

"Ah, now, dear Billy," said he, "you will try, after that, won't you? See how tired I am! and I want my supper, and you want yours too. Now try, Billy dear."

Again the boy took the reins, and mounted to his seat. Billy looked round at his little master, and then at the wagon; and we knew, from his loving looks, that Billy meant this time to try and do his best.

"Gee! gee up!" cried the little boy; and then Billy and the wheel-horse, both starting at once, safely carried up the loaded wagon to its stopping-place at the top of the hill.

Our Ralph blocked the wheels with a big stone; and the little boy got down from his seat, and went to Billy, and patted him, and kissed him again, with his arms around his neck, giving him a good, loving hug.

I think that Billy was glad, and knew that he had been doing a kind act. The boy emptied the coal, and then started off with Billy and the other horse; and, no doubt,

when he got home, he gave them both a good supper before he took his own.

The boy was not only kind-hearted, but wise. If he had used the whip, it might have been an hour before he could have got Billy to move. The boy knew he could best rule by love.

I would like to know that boy's name, — would not you? I mean to try and find it out; for this story is every word of it exactly true.

AUNT AMELIA.

BOSTON HIGHLANDS.



## MARY'S HYMN.

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
Father in heaven take care of me.  
May my sleep be sound and sweet,  
And my waking happy be!

Forgive me, if I have this day  
Done any wrong in work or play:  
Oh, help me always to do right,  
And bless me every day and night!

C. F. P.



## ROBIN'S INVITATION.

LISTEN to red Robin's song in the cherry-tree!  
"Little boy at the window, climb up here," sang he.  
"You may cuddle in my nest while I sing my song:  
To and fro the boughs will swing us, — swing us all day  
long."

"You droll Robin Redbreast," did my little boy reply,  
"Your nest it is too little for a boy as big as I.  
My mother sings me songs: I hear her as I play.  
She dearly loves to see me, as I frolic in the hay."

"And I love to see you, Robin, in the cherry-tree.  
You are welcome to the cherries, but leave a few for me;  
And I'll tell my little pussy not to harm you, Robin dear.  
So sing away, and swing away, while I am playing here."

COUSIN SUR.



## THE WISE GOATS.

THE goat is to be found in nearly all parts of the globe. Away up on high mount'ains, where he springs from rock to rock, he may sometimes be seen.

He can climb much better than most boys; and it does not make him dizzy to look down from a great height. He is quite strong for his size; and those who would hunt him must have nim'ble feet and stead'y heads.

The hair of some goats is like long, fine wool; and the best of shawls are made from it. Among these, is the Cash'mere shawl, which is so fine that three persons, all the time at work on it, can complete only a quarter of an inch of it in a day.

The goat has a quick and keen sense of sight and smell. He is very sure-footed. In his wild state, he can climb the steep'est rock with safe'ty, leap'ing from crag to crag, and some-times a-light'ing on ledges where there is hard'ly room to stand.

On the trunk of a tree thrown over a rush'ing stream, that foamed as it dashed among the rocks below, two goats once met, each want'ing to go his own way.

But how were they to man'age? for, if they tried to pass each other, *one*, if not both; must fall and be killed. Now these two goats were wiser than many beard'ed men.

Putting their heads to-geth'er, they stood still a short time, as if think'ing what was the best thing they could do. They soon made up their minds what to do. One goat lay down, and let the other leap over him, which he did quite safe'ly; and then each went on his way in peace.

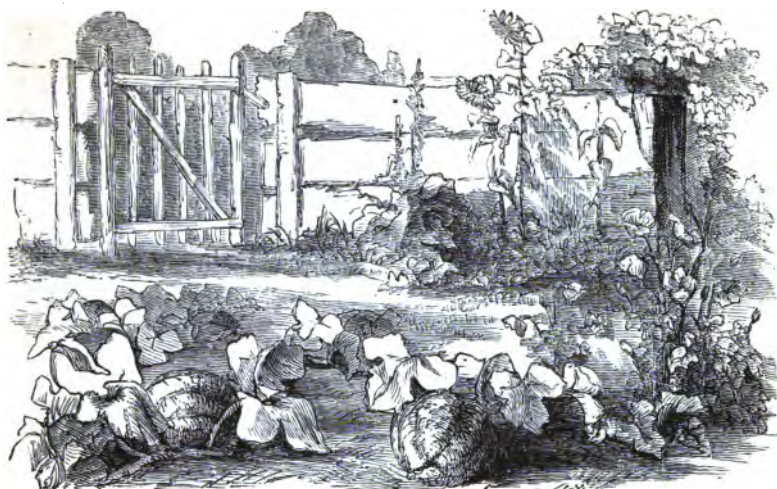
Was not this much better than fight'ing? Was it not even better than the hard words which passed between two men who once met on a narrow walk, where one had to turn out for the other? "I never turn out for a ras'cal," said *one*. "I always do," said the other, giving way.

The milk of the goat is good and nour'ish-ing. Many families keep goats, in-stead of cows, just for the sake of the milk.

No won'der the goat is a favorite with chil'dren. He is often their play'mate; for he loves to re-ceive their ca-ress'es, and does his best to a-muse them with his gam'bols. But you must not tease him, for he can butt hard with his horns.

I know of two goats who love to drag a little girl in her car'riage. Her papa has made a nice har'ness for them, and they are as tame as the best horses. You shall see a picture of them some day.





## THE GARDEN THIEF.

THE plums are bitten on the bough!  
Who has been in the garden now?  
All black the melon-vines have turned,  
As if a fire their leaves had burned!

The flowers are dead, — the poppies red,  
And sun-flowers tall and yellow!  
There must have been a thief about, —  
Some mischief-making fellow!

I've taken care that every night  
The garden-gate was fastened tight;  
Too high to climb is built the wall;  
Beneath it there's no place to crawl.  
How did he manage to get in?  
And, pray, who could the rogue have been?

Alas! I know him to my cost:  
He is no other than Jack Frost!  
A rogue so sly that no one knows  
What way he comes, or how he goes.

He's still, but bold; with fingers cold  
The pretty flowers he pinches,  
And sends off, shivering, to the South,  
The blue-birds and the finches.

But in one way a friend is he  
To all the squirrels, and to me:  
He opens wide the burs, and down  
He drops the chestnuts, ripe and brown.  
Come, bring your baskets! come away!  
We'll seek the chestnut woods to-day.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



SEE! MARY IS PUTTING FLOWERS IN HER SISTER'S HAIR. MAKE THE MOST OF THE FLOWERS,  
LITTLE GIRLS, FOR WINTER IS COMING.



## LAURA'S RETURN.

IN FIVE SCENES. BY A PAPA.

*Illustrated by Frolich.*

### SCENE FIRST. — PACKING THE TRUNK.

LAST August, I told you how Laura and her mamma went to Newport, and how Laura bathed in the ocean. You may now see Laura's mamma packing the trunk ; for they are to go home to Boston in the next train of cars. Laura has had a good time at the sea-side ; but now the days are growing cool, and in October she will go to school. See Laura is helping her mamma to pack.



SCENE SECOND. — TAKING BREAKFAST.

Here is Laura taking breakfast with her mamma and papa. They are in a nice cool place by the sea-shore, where they can see the boats and the vessels far out on the waves.

The fresh air has given Laura a good appetite. She says she would like to take one more bath in the sea.

"You must wait till next summer," says mamma: "we must go home to-day."





## SCENE THIRD. — "GOOD-BY, WILLIE."

Laura asks if she cannot go and bid good-by to her little friend, Willie Sumner.

"Oh, yes!" says mamma: "you must bid Willie good-by."

So they go and find Willie; and he leaves his little wooden horse and cart, and comes and puts his arm about Laura's neck, and kisses her, and says, "Good-by, Laura! How I shall miss you!"

"Be a good boy, Willie," says Laura.

"Be a good girl, Laura," says Willie.

And so they part.



## SCENE FOURTH. — "GOOD-BY, MR. BROWN."

Laura sees an old gentleman who has been kind to her; and she stops and says, "Good-by, Mr. Brown! We are going home to-day. My mamma says I must get ready."

Mr. Brown shakes hands with her, and says, "Good-by, Miss Laura! you must remember me if we should meet here again next summer."

"Oh, I shall remember you, Mr. Brown!" says Laura.





## SCENE FIFTH. — IN GRANDMA'S BARN.

The day after Laura got home, she went to Brookline to see her grandma. Old Thomas, who works for grandma, took Laura into the barn to see the cow. Laura wanted to see the cow fed, and so Thomas gave the cow some hay.

## LITTLE MARY AND THE STARS.

"I WISH the stars would not sing so loudly," said little Mary one night, after she had been some time in bed.

"Why, child," said mamma, coming to her bedside, "I thought you were asleep long ago."

"I cannot go to sleep, mamma," said Mary, "because the stars make such a noise."

"The stars?" said mamma, laughing.

"Yes, mamma, just listen: now don't you hear them singing?"

Her mamma listened a moment; then said, "I only hear the crickets chirping."

"Oh! is that singing-noise the crickets?" asked Mary.

"Yes," said mamma: "the noise is made by little crickets. Why did my little girl think it was made by the stars?"

"Oh!" said Mary, "there was such a loud noise, I thought I would see who were singing so; and I got out of bed, and looked out of the window, and it was dark all around, and I could see nothing but stars; so I thought the singing must come from the stars."

"What a funny thought!" said mamma; "but I think I can point out to you the little creature that has disturbed you so much. I think it must be in this room."

"Oh, no, mamma!" said Mary timidly. "Such a big noise in this little room!"

"Yes," said mamma: "the noise is made by a very small creature. I'll try to find it."

Then she took the lamp, and looked carefully about in the direction of the noise. Presently she said, "Here it is, nicely hidden in a fold of the window curtain. Now, Mary, come here, and I will show you what sings so loudly."

Then little Mary jumped from her bed ; and, coming to her mamma, looked eagerly at the place in the white curtain to which her mamma pointed ; and she saw, almost hidden by the fold, a little delicate, green insect, with gauzy wings.

"How can such a little thing make such a great noise ?" asked Mary.

"It is very curious," said mamma : "it is done by a peculiar motion of the wings ; and it is hard to believe that so loud a noise can be made by so slight a motion. This little thing looks so frail too.

"But this is what you have been hearing ; and, if I put this little cricket gently out the window, I don't believe you will hear it again to-night."

So, after Mary had looked at the pretty green insect a while, hoping it would sing again, she saw her mamma put it carefully out of the window.

Then Mary went back to bed, saying, "Now, mamma, if I may say my hymn again, and can have one more kiss, I can go to sleep."

So mamma heard her repeat her little prayer ; and, giving her a good-night kiss, said, "Now I think the stars will sing softly to my little girl, and sing her to sleep."

G. F. P.



## HOW MARY'S CAT WENT TO CHURCH.

LAST Sunday we had something new in church. It was Mary Flint's black cat, Meg, who walked out of the side yard just after Mary and her mother went out of the front door.

Meg followed them down the street, and turned the cor-

ner, and crossed over to the other side just as they did. When they came to the church, they went up the steps, and walked in to their pew.

Meg stopped, and seemed to be thinking; but, by and by, she went up the steps, and walked through the broad aisle.

Now and then, she would stop and smell, first one side, and then the other. She did not go into Mary's pew, but walked on. When she came to the pulpit stairs, she stopped, smelt the floor, and then walked up into the pulpit.

The minister smiled when she rubbed herself against him; but, in a minute, down she came.

She walked very softly out of church; and that was the last of Meg's visit to church.

She certainly behaved very well, for she neither mewed, nor cried, nor played. S.



RUN, LITTLE CHICKENS, RUN, OR THE OLD HAWK WILL CATCH YOU!



THE DOG VALIANT.

## THE DOG VALIANT.



OW, Valiant, take good care of the baby, while I go to get some water. Do not let any one come near to harm him. I shall be back soon.” So said the good mother; and Valiant did as he was bid, and took care of the baby. I think, if a man or boy had come to do any harm, Valiant would have driven him off. The mother, when she came back, found the baby safe and well.

I hope you will be kind to dogs. I once knew a Frenchman who had a fine dog, and the name of this dog was also Valiant. One day some bad boys tried to drown a poor old blind dog in the river. They would beat him with sticks, and pelt him with stones, so that he could not get to the land.

The blind dog would howl and cry, but the bad boys had no pity in their hearts. The more he howled, the more they would laugh at him; and when a stone hit him, they would shout with glee. It was a sad sight to see any boys so cruel.

Some men were looking on to see the wicked sport; and, all at once, my friend, who was passing near with his dog Valiant, heard the men clap their hands and cry, “Look there!”

My friend looked, and saw that his dog Valiant, drawn to the spot by the cries of the poor blind dog, had jumped into the river, and was swimming towards him. How fast Valiant did swim! It was plain that he was going to the rescue.

The poor blind dog, guessing that help was at hand, tried hard to keep from drowning. Valiant swam up to him, and placed himself so that the blind dog could cling to him with



his fore paws. The blind dog knew better than to hold him so that he could not swim with ease.

Then Valiant began to swim towards the shore. He soon got there, and placed his blind friend safely on dry land. The bad boys came up with a stick to drive him off, but Valiant showed his teeth so fiercely that they were glad to run off, and leave the two dogs unharmed.

Was it not sad to see a dog show more kindness than the boys showed to a poor suffering brute? The boys ran, because, though cruel, they were cowardly, as cruel people often are. Valiant was not only a brave dog, but a kind one. He was ready to protect his poor friend against all the boys, with their stones and sticks. When the two dogs got to the shore, Valiant would not leave the blind dog till he saw he was safe.

My friend then took the blind dog home with him by the side of Valiant, and there took care of him. The two dogs lived together happily to a good old age.





## HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

FANNY and Jenny were two little girls :  
One had straight hair, and the other had curls.  
Curly-haired Jenny was fair to the sight;  
While dear little Fanny, though homely, was bright.

Beautiful hair and a beautiful face  
Won attention at first, as is often the case ;  
And Jenny was petted and praised, till she thought  
She knew quite as much as a young lady ought.

So, with lessons unlearned, or excused "for this once,"  
Miss Jenny grew up — a most beautiful dunce !  
While dear little Fanny, so gentle and good,  
Went to school every day, as all little girls should.

Now, by her behavior, so quiet and loving,  
Fanny's looks, once so plain, day by day are improving ;  
For goodness and happiness surely are graces,  
And make quite attractive the plainest of faces.

So think of this story, my dear little girls :  
Be not proud of your looks,  
But study your books,  
Nor care if your hair hangs in braids or in curls ;  
For those who on beauty, not goodness, depend,  
Will find that good looks very soon have an end.



## WILLIE'S STORY.

THE letter W begins a good number of words; not so many as C or S, perhaps, but still a good many.

I know a little boy who is best described by a word beginning with a W. You may, if you will look sharp, see a

picture of him peeping with roguish eyes through a letter which he has made out of four cards. Can you tell me what letter it is?

His mother had said to him, "Willie, I wish you would amuse your little sister while I go and make some broth to send to poor old Mrs. Hudson."

Willie replied, "Oh, yes, I'll amuse her!" for Willie was —. There! I came near to writing the word which I want you to guess. It begins with a W, and is in two syllables, and is what we call an adjective.

I am much afraid that many of my little readers will not know what an adjective is. No matter! They will find it out by and by as they grow older.

Well, Willie amused his little sister for a full hour; first with the cards, of which he made the letter W and some card houses.

When his little sister began to grow tired of cards, he took her in his lap, and told her some pretty stories; for Willie was always will- — always Willie.

One of the stories he told was a true story; and he told it in these words: —

"Not many months ago, in the Far West, our white troops caught some Indians who had in their keeping a number of young white captives whom they had stolen away years ago from their parents.

"These poor captives had been so young when they were stolen, that they could not tell who their parents were, nor in what town they had lived. So all the folks in that part of the country who had had children carried off by Indians were called on to come into camp, and see if their children were among the lot.

"Many parents who had lost children went to the camp, but could not find their lost ones, and had to go back with sad hearts to their homes.

"But among those who went was a poor mother, who had lost, several years before, two children, — a boy and a girl, — one two years of age, and the other three.

"On coming into the camp, she found the captives ranged in a line.

She looked at them, first, from a distance, but saw no little boy and girl who seemed to her like her own. Oh, no! None of those could be the little ones who once played about her door-step.

"She drew nearer, and her heart began to sink; for not one of the children seemed to know her. At last, with tears, she moved away; but she had not gone far when she thought she would try them by singing a little song which she used to sing to her own dear little boy and girl every night when she put them to bed.

"She had not proceeded far in her song, when two children, a boy and a girl, rushed out from the line, crying, 'Mamma, mamma!'

"Yes, they were her own dear children! She was now sure of it: and, when she took them home, the neighbors all wondered that she had not known them at once; 'for,' said they, 'the family likeness is so strong!' How glad the poor parents were when they felt sure they had got back their own little boy and girl!"

Here Willie ended his story; and then his mother came in, and said, "Now, Willie, here is a pail of nice broth; and I want you to take it as quick as you can to poor old Mrs. Hudson, who is so ill with a cold."

"Yes, mother, I'll do it," said Willie, putting on his hat: "the old lady shall have the broth before it gets cool. So give me the pail."

Now, was not Willie a will——. I declare, I let out half of the word! But I shall not tell you the rest. You must guess it; and I think you can, if you will only try.

UNCLE CHARLES.





## BABY IN HER GLORY.

BABY wee, Baby wee !  
 What does little Baby see ?  
 All among her pillows lying,  
 Never fretful, never crying ;

Caper and crow, caper and crow !  
 That's the way that babies grow !

Baby fair, Baby fair !  
 Rosy cheeks and curly hair,  
 All among her pillows playing,  
 Little chubby hands displaying ;

Caper and crow, caper and crow !  
 That's the way that babies grow !





## FIVE TRUE STORIES ABOUT POLLY.

### I.

THERE was once a Poll Parrot who loved to pick chicken-bones. She would sit upon the back of a chair, holding on by one claw, while she grasped a chicken-bone with the other ; and then she looked very much as if she were playing a flute.

Kitty liked chicken-bones too ; and whenever she saw Polly enjoying one, she always thought that she ought to have it herself. She was a sly puss, and at last she thought of a way to get Polly's bone from her without being bitten by her strong, black beak.

Polly had a violent temper, so that when she was angry

she did not know what she was about. Kitty made the most of this. She would jump up into the seat of the chair upon the back of which Polly was sitting with her bone. Then, watching her chance, Kitty would raise her paw and gently tap the end of the bone.

Polly would get into a great rage at once; she would scream out, and try to bite Kitty, and this would make Polly drop the bone. Then Kitty would quietly jump down after the bone, and scamper off with it. Wasn't she a sly Kitty?

## II.

Polly had a grudge against Kitty for getting her chicken-bones. So one day, when she saw Kitty lying sound asleep on the kitchen-floor, with her tail straight out behind her, she climbed down from her cage.

Waddling across the room to where Kitty was peacefully sleeping, Polly seized her tail in her beak. She bit pretty hard, and Kitty gave a piteous *mew*, and fled from the kitchen.

## III.

After Kitty had had her tail bitten, she never went to sleep in the kitchen without keeping one eye open to watch Polly.

Polly would start for Kitty's tail, but, as it took her a long time to walk across the floor, Kitty would lie quite still and take a nap until Polly had nearly reached her: then Kitty would jump up and run to the other end of the room.

Kitty would then lie down and calmly watch Polly waddle back after her, only to have Kitty again jump up and run back just where she was before.

Polly would scream, and bob her head up and down in a great rage ; but she never seemed to make up her mind that she could not catch Kitty. Polly would keep waddling back and forth after Kitty for an hour at a time ; and I really believe Kitty enjoyed it as a very good joke.

## IV.

It was funny to hear Polly scold herself. She liked to get up on the window-seat and rap with her beak on the pane ; but we were afraid she would break it : so we always scolded her when she did so ; and at last she learned to scold herself.



This is the way she would go on : Rap, rap, rap ; “Naughty Polly, naughty Polly !” Rap, rap, rap ; “Naughty Polly !” Rap ; “Naughty, naughty, Polly !” Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap ; “Naughty, naughty, naughty, *naughty* Polly !”

We could always tell when she was going into the dining-room, where she was not allowed to be ; because, as she

waddled through the hall, she would call out, "Go back, Polly; go back!"

## V.

Once Polly climbed into a neighbor's pantry window, and began picking to pieces some bread and vegetables that had been laid on the shelf, ready for dinner.

The folks found out that she was there, but did not dare touch her, for fear of being bitten. They sent over for one of us to come after her; but, by the time we arrived, the nice slices of bread were all crumbled, and the lettuce was all bitten and torn.

Polly was sometimes very loving, especially to my sister Anna. Anna would take her, and hug her close up to her bosom. Polly would spread her wings, and make a cooing sound.

At these times she was gentle as a dove; but, when her anger was aroused, woe to the incautious hand that approached her! Lucky for that hand if it were not bitten to the bone.

POLLY'S FRIEND.



SEE HENRY READING TO HIS MAMMA FROM "THE NURSERY."



## SONG OF THE STRIPED SQUIRREL.

### I.

I'm the merriest creature in leaf-land,  
My life is so happy and free!  
The harlequin I of the green wood!  
I wear a striped jacket you see.

### II.

My eyes are bright as a weasel's;  
I'm a rogue, you can see by my face;  
My tail is the handsomest pattern,  
And I wear it with wonderful grace.

### III.

All the sweet summer-time I am playing,  
And cutting up capers so queer;  
'Tis the happiest season for squirrels,  
The holiday time of the year.

## IV.

On the boughs and the hedges you see me ;  
In a flash, I am off, if you please !  
And I swing on the green twig above you,  
As it gracefully bends to the breeze.

## V.

When Autumn is dressing the wild wood,  
In his raiment of scarlet and brown,  
When Jack-frost is shaking the tree-tops,  
Till the nuts and the acorns come down ;—

## VI.

Oh, that is the squirrel's rich harvest !  
I shall gather a plentiful store,  
And then you may know where my house is,  
By the heap that will lie at my door.

## VII.

I live in a curious city,  
Where the streets are all cut under ground :  
So cut, you can't see my snug dwelling,  
Where in Winter I sleep safe and sound.

## VIII.

I have a nice door that I enter,  
And then at the end of Main street,  
Is another for me to run out of,  
And this is convenient and neat.

## IX.

Don't you think we are cunning and skilful ?  
Don't you think our arrangement is good ?  
Don't you think that we gay little squirrels  
Are the happiest folks of the wood ?





### THE BIRD'S NEST.

ONE day, John Green, with Mary and his little brother Paul, went out in the fields to walk. They had not gone far when Mary saw a bird's nest; and where do you think it was? It lay on the ground; and she would have put her foot on it if the young birds had not made a noise.

John took the nest up in his hands with great care, and showed it to

Mary and Paul; but the mother-bird cried so, that John said, "Old bird, you shall have your young ones back safe and sound; but I will put them where folks will not tread on them."

So he put the nest in a safe place; and soon the mother-bird came, and was glad to find that no harm had been done to her dear little ones.

"We must not let the old cat find out this nest," said Mary.

"And why not?" asked Paul.

"Because the old cat would eat up the little birds before they could fly," said Mary.

"But we may let Tiger know where the nest is, may we not?" asked Paul.

"O, yes," said John; "Tiger is a good, brave dog. He would scorn to harm the poor birds. We may let Tiger know where the nest is."



## NORA IN SEARCH OF EMPLOYMENT.

NORA's mamma had gone out to buy a winter dress for the little girl. Nora was left at home with Jane, the maid.

Jane kept her out of mischief for a time by pointing out to her the sights in the street. She showed her a man with a hand-organ, with many boys and girls gathered round him to hear him play. Nora watched them closely.

By and by, the man and the children went off; and then Jane began to make the beds. Nora went with her doll Susy down stairs to see what she could do.

Finding a flat-iron on the hearth, she thought she would



heat it, and iron out a napkin. She held the iron to the fire

till her cheeks grew red and her hands hot. She would have done better, I think, if she had not tried to hold it. But Nora liked to do things her own way.

She found the iron hard to lift; but, by using both hands, she lifted it on to the ironing-board, and began to iron. Why was it that she could not make the napkin smooth? I think it must have been because the iron was not quite hot enough.

Then Nora saw that there was a hole in the napkin; and she thought she would go to her mamma's work-box, get a needle and thread, and mend the hole. By good luck, she



found a threaded needle; and, seating herself in a chair near the table, she was soon intent on her work.

She was not wholly pleased with the manner in which she mended the hole. So, with Jane's help, she put on her apron, and took her doll Susy in her arms, and began to hush it to sleep.

Then she spied a flower-pot on the table, and, putting Susy down on the floor, went and dug the earth up about

the roots of the flower with her fingers. Soon she saw that she had soiled her hands; but there was a basin of water on the wash-stand. Nora stood up on a chair, took a large



sponge out of the water, and put it to her nose to smell of; for some nice soap had been rubbed on it by her mamma.

But Nora did not know, that, if she stood too near the edge of the chair, she would tip it up, lose her balance, and fall. The little girl did fall, in fact, and not only hurt the back of her head, but upset the basin of water on to the floor.



Nora did not cry. She rose, and made up her mind that she would get into no more mischief till her mother came



home: so, like a good girl, she took her "Nursery," and for a full hour amused herself by looking at the pictures. Then her mother came home and kissed her.

"I will give Nora some work to do when I go out again," said mamma. "She must not be left to be idle, for she is now three years old."

"I want to be of use, mamma," said Nora.

"And I will help you to be of use, my dear," said mamma.



## LITTLE CONTENT.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said little Eddie, as he stood by the window, and watched the falling of the rain: "it always rains, and I'll have to play in-doors all day."

"Be careful, Eddie, how you speak," said mamma: "it was only yesterday that you said, 'I can play out all day to-day, it's so pleasant.' My little boy must not forget, and grumble for a few drops of rain."

"Well, mamma, I'll not forget again, if you'll tell us our rainy-day story about Little Content."

So mamma took her sewing; and Eddie, Caroline, and Mabel seated themselves round her, and she told them the story of Little Content and the Grumbletonians.

Before the story was finished, the rain ceased, and the sun shone brightly. "Oh, how glad I am!" said Eddie, clapping his hands. "Mamma, I wish you'd call me Content."

"You are a boy," said Caroline, "and Content was a girl."

"Never mind," answered mamma: "you shall be my little contented boy."

LILA.



## MARY'S CHICKENS.

### I.

Four little chickens were hopping about ;  
While Mother Hen scratched up the ground,  
To see if, amid all the rubbish and dirt,  
A nice little worm could be found.

### II.

For the chickens were hungry, poor little things !  
No crumbs or wet meal all the day !  
Forgotten had Mary to give them their food,  
So busy was she with her play.

### III.

So Mother Hen scratched as fast as she could,  
Still hoping some worms she would find ;  
And the four hungry chickens they made such a noise,  
That pussy-cat peeped through the blind.

## IV.

She peeped through the blind, and mewed loud and long,  
Till Mary came running to see  
Who or what made the noise both in doors and out :  
“ Oh ! now I remember,” said she.

## V.

“ Not one morsel to eat have I given my chicks !  
I was sewing on Dolly's red cap.  
Stop mewing, Miss Pussy : you've had your nice milk ;  
So cuddle right down for a nap.”

## VI.

Her basket with crumbs Mary speedily filled,  
And out by the garden she ran :  
“ Cluck, cluck,” said the hen ; and “ Cluck, cluck,” Mary  
said ;  
“ Eat, eat, little chicks, all you can.”

## VII.

Then old Father Rooster came flapping his wings ;  
And he crowed, — crowed so shrill and so clear,  
That one time Mary thought it sounded like this, —  
“ Rook-a-roodl-roo ! — thank you, my dear ! ”

COUSIN SUE.





## THE GIFT OF FLOWERS.

My little friend, Emily Gray, is so fond of flowers, that it is a pleasure to give them to her. So, when she came to our house last June, I took her into the garden, and said, "Now, Emily, pluck just as many flowers as you like."

I left her alone in the garden ; for I had to go and take my music-lesson : but, when I came back, Emily had twined some flowers in her hair, and some she held in her arms.

“ You shall come and have your photograph taken just as you are,” said I. So I led her to the photograph-gallery near to our house, and there her likeness was taken just as you see it.

I hope that all my little friends will love the flowers just as well as Emily does. You can get from them much happiness if you will only learn all that there is to be known about them.

It is pleasant, when some one asks, “ What flower is that ? ” to be able to tell the name and history of the flower. I have often wished that I knew more than I do of flowers.

Emily can tell you all their names ; in what country they were first found ; at what time of the year they bloom ; and how they ought to be taken care of. If, when walking in the woods, she sees a wild flower, she can at once tell you to what family of plants it belongs. She can tell us the names of the birds too.

So we always try to have Emily with us when we go into the woods ; for we like to know about the flowers and the birds.

IDA FAT.





# THE BEE THAT WANTED LOBSTER.

## A TRUE STORY.

My aunt was once lame, so that she had to stay in one room all day long, and her dinner was always carried to her.

One day a bee flew in the open window, and alighted on the pear which she was eating. There he staid till he had eaten enough; and, every day after that, he came in at the same hour, and found some fruit ready for him.

Once he came earlier than usual; and, as the fruit was not cut, he thought he would try some lobster. Was not that an odd thing for a bee to choose?

He seemed to like it very well, and began to saw off a little piece. This he rolled over, and then, tucking it under his wing, flew with it out of the window and away over the garden.

In a few minutes he came back again, sawed off another piece, twice as large as the first piece, and again flew away with it.

Then my aunt called the children to come and see her pet; and, as soon as they were quiet, the bee came back. We all watched him as he busily tugged away at the lobster, this time taking a piece half as large as his body.

He was gone about five minutes, then came back for more. When he found the lobster had been taken away, and that some nice peaches and pears were on the table, he was very angry, and flew round and round the table, but would not touch the fruit.

My aunt laid a nice juicy piece of pear on the edge of the plate to tempt him; but he became quite mad, and buzzed about the room, bounced against the window, and went out.

He soon came back with another bee, and they both

seemed very angry because they could have no more lobster. They buzzed around the head of each person in the room, and then went out of the window.

After that the pet bee never came again, although the window was left open for him. He could never forgive my aunt for sending away his favorite dish.

I have often wondered what he did with the lobster he carried off. What do you think?



### OUR TOM.

TOM is our cat. He is a very knowing cat. He will come at our call like a dog, and follow till we send him back.

When Tom hears the fish-horn, he jumps up, and runs to meet the wagon, and gets his usual piece of fish.

If we sharpen the knife to cut the meat, Tom is sure to hear it, and to come purring and rubbing against our legs to let us know that he expects his share of meat.

Tom has a great many funny ways of asking favors: one is by standing on his hind legs and mewing. We think Tom very knowing: don't you?

A. N.



## THE NUTTING-PARTY.

HARRY, Mary, Bess, and Will  
Went one day to Chestnut Hill,  
There to gather treasures brown  
Which the wind had scattered down.

Glad their hearts, their faces bright :  
Baskets heavy were that night.  
When the sun was sinking down,  
They went homeward to the town.

Walking onwards, two and two,  
Thus they talked of what they'd do : —

Harry said, " My nuts I'll sell ;  
Father'll say that I've done well :  
And the money I shall keep  
Till enough to buy a sheep."

" You'll be rich, I plainly see,"  
Mary answered : " as for me,  
What I've gathered I shall eat :  
Chestnuts are so nice and sweet."

" Yes," said Bess : " I know they are.  
Mine I'll give to Fanny Starr :  
She is lame, and cannot go  
Nutting with us, as you know."

" Father, mother, little Ned,  
Mine shall share," then Willy said ;  
And, as thus they onward went,  
Each young heart was well content.

Which of all the plans expressed,  
Think you, little friend, was best ?

KATE CAMERON.



## CARLO'S BANK.

### A TRUE STORY.

CARLO was a large shaggy dog that was a neighbor of ours, as his master lived next door to us.

Carlo used to come into our garden, not only for bones, but to play with us children. He could play hide-and-seek as well as any boy. We would blind our eyes; and, when he was hid, he would give a little low growl.

When it was our turn to hide, he would put his head down on the ground till he heard us call "*Coop:*" then he would rush around till he found us; and, when he found us, he would show his delight by jumping and barking, and flapping his tail.

Carlo was a very well-behaved dog. He never forgot to give us a "good-morning" bark; and he never looked cross if he had to wait for his breakfast. Some little boys and girls are not so thoughtful as this dog.

The funniest thing about Carlo was, that he liked money. If he was sound asleep, and we would jingle pennies, he

would hear it at once, start up, and tease and whine for them.

If we gave him one, no person but his master could get it away from him. A great many boys and some men would give him money, just to see if they could not get it back; but this they could not do, unless his master was there to help them.

What could he want of money? When we had pennies, we always knew what to do with them. There were always tops and marbles wanting; not to speak of candies, sweet-sugar hearts, licorice, and raisins. But what could Carlo do with his pennies? That was a question we could not answer.

It was in the winter when he came to us; and, in the spring, we found that he had put his money in a *bank*. Was not that funny?

It was not a bank like the one we used to hear papa talk about, where we loved to go and look into the windows to see the gold and silver and the big piles of bills. No, it was not such a bank; nor was it like our little painted tin house, that was marked "Savings Bank," and which Uncle James gave us, and showed us how to drop our pennies down the little chimney, but never told us how we could get them out again. No: it was in a *snow* bank that Carlo kept his treasures.

When the sun shone warm and bright in the spring, and melted the snow, there we found the missing pennies.

We wondered where he would put his money in the summer-time: so once, when he had a penny, we followed him, and saw him carry it into a barn; but he would not hide it while we were around. We found it afterwards, however, hid in a corner under the hay. So we called it Carlo's "Hay Bank."

When we children wanted a penny very much, and could not coax one from our mammas, we would hunt around, and often find one or more in Carlo's bank.

Did any one ever hear of a dog's keeping a bank before? We thought it no harm to take money from such a bank as that.

Wouldn't all the little boys that read the stories and look at the nice pictures in "The Nursery," like such a dog? I am sure they would; not only because he would give them pennies, but because he is so playful and good.

ADELAIDE WETMORE.



SHOCKING BEHAVIOR AT TABLE. HENRY AND JOHN HAVE A PROLIC. SEE HOW BADLY IT LOOKS! LET ALL GOOD CHILDREN TAKE WARNING.





• "GOOD-BY, ENGLAND!"

## “GOOD-BY, ENGLAND!”



JOHN LANE was born in England. He was not a year old when his father left England, and came to America, and bought a farm in Kansas.

John and his mother staid at home, for Mr. Lane could not afford to take them with him; but he did so well in Kansas, that, in four years, he sent for his wife and little boy to come to him.

They sailed in a ship; and it was a hard thing for them to leave England, where they had been born.

“Good-by, old England!” said John, as he stood with his mother on the deck, and saw the land fade away.

The mother was sad, and John was sad; but the thought of seeing the husband and the father soon cheered them up: and when the sailors began to pull the ropes, and to sing, John thought it was fine fun to be at sea.

John has now been in America two years, and he and his parents are quite happy. He has a little sister not a year old. She was born in Kansas, and her name is Mary Lane.

John has an uncle in Boston, who sends him “The Nursery” every month. John can read in it quite well; and his little sister will soon begin to find pleasure in looking at the pictures.

When John thinks of the time that he stood on the ship’s deck with his mother, and cried “Good-by, England!” he hopes that the time will come, one of these days, when he can say, “Welcome, England!”

For though John loves America, and means to live there, he would like to see his native land once more; and I love him all the better for loving the land of his birth.

EMILY CARTER.

## THE THREE BROTHERS.

THREE little brothers once lived near a wood where the trees grew thick and large. The names of these boys were John, William, and Reuben. Their parents were poor, and in the winter the brothers would go into the wood to gather sticks.

These sticks they would tie in bundles or fagots, and sell them in the nearest town.

Early each winter morning, the boys would cross the little bridge that lay in front of their house, and go to the woods.

One cold day, when their father was ill, they went alone into the woods; and John, the eldest boy, said, "Now, Willie, you and Reuben go and get the biggest sticks you can find, and bring them here to me, and I will bind them up into fagots."

So the little boys went to work, though it



was bitter cold, and Jack Frost nipped their hands and feet till they were numb. They worked till it was dark, and then it began to snow.

Little Reuben was so tired and sleepy, that he could hardly see. So John took him on his back; and the three boys started for home, leaving their fagots piled up where they could get them the next day.

But the snow fell faster and faster, and soon covered up the track which led to their home: so that they wandered out of their way.

The mother sat watching for them, and hoping every moment to hear their voices at the door. The snow drifted up under the window of the little cottage, and covered the bridge that lay in sight.

As hour after hour went by, and the boys did not come, she became alarmed, and at last went to Farmer Dawson, who lived near by, and told him her fears.

"There, there, stop crying, my good woman," said Farmer Dawson: "if the boys have lost their way, the Captain and I will find them. Never fear. Here, Susan, bring me my great-coat and my lantern and my staff, and tell Jonas and Tom to come with me."

The captain was a dog; and, as he was called, he came barking out from the wood-shed, glad to be of some use in the world. Jonas and Tom were men who helped the farmer.

They had not gone half a mile into the woods when the captain darted off towards a great tree, and began to bark.

"There they are! The captain has found them. I knew he would," said Farmer Dawson.

And so it was. The poor boys, tired and chilled through, had sat down under a tree; and they could hardly speak when the men came up.

Each man took a boy on his back, and in this way they all went home; and there the boys were rubbed with snow till they were warm and well.

How glad were their mother and father to have them safe once more in their arms, by the cheerful cottage-fire! They laughed and they cried.

The captain had a big bowl of milk that night as a reward for his good conduct.



## MAKING THE POT BOIL.

THERE were two little girls, Ellen and Lucy, who once asked their mamma why their dear father had to work so hard.

"He has to work that he may keep the pot boiling," said mamma.

When Ellen woke from sleep the next morning, she said to Lucy, "Sister Lucy, I think we can help papa make the pot boil. Let us go into the woods, and pick up some dry branches and sticks."



Lucy thought it a bright idea; and so these little girls went into the woods, and brought home a good many dry sticks, and made a fire on the hearth, and set the large iron pot on the fire, and put some water into the pot.

When their father came home, he laughed well at what they had done. "Why, you dear little girls," said he, "I am glad to see you try to make yourselves useful; but you need not have gone to the woods for sticks when there are so many in the wood-shed."

"We wanted to help make the pot boil," said Ellen.

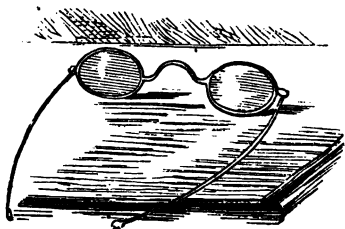
"Well, I will tell you how you can best do that," said papa. "You are now little girls: you cannot help me much till you know a good deal more than you do. But if you will learn your lessons well, and mind all that your mother says to you, then, by and by, when you are older, you can be of much help to me."

"Oh! I see now what mamma meant by saying you have to make the pot boil," said Ellen. "She meant that you have to work hard to get money to buy food and clothes for us."

"That is what she meant, my dear," said papa. "So, if you want to help me, you must first learn your lessons."

Both the little girls made up their minds that they would do this.

IDA FAY.



Without a bridle or a saddle,  
Across a thing I ride a-straddle;  
And those I ride, by help of me,  
Though almost blind, are made to see.





## BOB TO TOM.

LITTLE boy, if you will give me a piece of that nice slice of bread and butter, I will thank you as well as I know how. I will say, "Bow-wow" as loud as I can.

You won't do it? You won't give me a little piece of that bread? What a greedy little boy! I have had nothing to eat since last night; and what have *you* had?

To my certain knowledge, you have had, since you got out of bed, a bowl of milk, a doughnut, three potatoes, a fish-cake, two boiled eggs, and a piece of ham; and now you are

at that big slice of bread: and, what is more, you mean to make way with it, I do believe, without giving me, your friend Bob, a scrap of it.

Now, Tommy, my dear boy, do think better of it. Dogs must be fed as well as little boys. Who barked at the robins that came to steal your father's peas last June? Who chased off the rat that would have sucked the eggs on the hay-mow?

I did it, Tommy! Little Bob did it, and nobody else. And now that Bob is hungry, and wants a bit of bread, you sit there thinking, and will not give him a mouthful.

I am wrong. You mean to break off a piece,—a good large piece. That's right, Tommy. That was nice. Now another piece. Thank you, Tommy, thank you! Just hear me bark. Now one more piece. Bow-wow! Good Tommy! There! The bread is all gone, and who but Bob has eaten it!

ALFRED SELWYN.



### FORCE A LAUGH.

IN the game of "Force a Laugh," the children sit round a table: one begins by exclaiming "Ha!" the next repeats it at once, followed by the others, "Ha, ha, ha!" one after the other, as quick as possible, till at last it becomes so comical that all are likely to laugh in good earnest.



THE TIMELY WORD.

## THE TIMELY WORD.



IN a field where the grass grew green, there lay a little boy on the ground. He was seven years old, and his name was John Harold. The folks called him Jack.

Near by stood an artist, who had been sketching a picture. All at once he caught sight of Jack lying on the ground: and then the artist made a drawing of Jack; but Jack did not know it.

Then Jack started up, and began to chase a dragon-fly. Out of one field into the next, back again over the stone wall, and then over a ditch, and into the bushes, ran Jack; but he did not catch the fly.

It had flown up on a large leaf of an ash-tree. Jack did not give up the chase. Up the tree he climbed, caught the fly, and jumped with it to the ground.

The artist now stepped forward, and said, "Do not hurt that fly, my boy. Let it go, and I will give you a penny."

A penny was worth more to Jack than the fly: so he let it go.

"What is your name, my lad?" asked the man.

"My name is Jack Harold," said the boy.

"Have you no one to mend your clothes for you, and to teach you to be clean and neat? Have you no mother?"

"Mother and father are dead," said Jack; "and I have no one but aunt to take care of me, and she has too many cares of her own to think much of me."

"Then I would care for myself, if I were you, Jack," said the man. "I watched you while you were running after

the dragon-fly, and I thought it a pity that so bright and spry a lad as you, should look as you do. You are not idle all the time, I hope?"

"I've nothing ever to do," said Jack: "I wish I had. Aunt will not send me to school."

"And so you cannot read or write? Well, Jack, I was once as badly off as you. I had lost my parents, and I was a poor boy; but I was just as anxious to get on, and do something, as you were just now to catch that dragon-fly."

"Well, sir, what did you do, if you had no one to help you?" asked Jack.

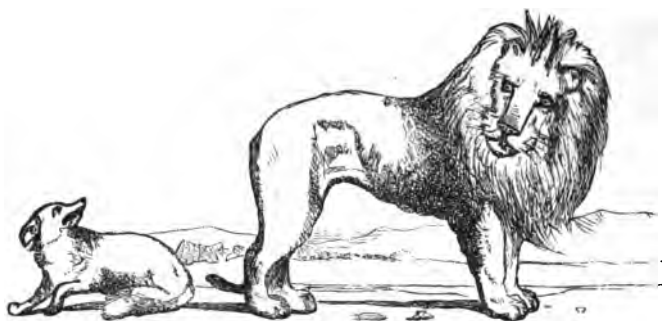
"Why, I helped myself. I got over one difficulty after another, just as you got over the stone walls, and through the brambles; and you can do as I did, if you will be as eager to get your living as you were to seize on that fly."

Having said thus much, the artist walked away; for he saw he had set Jack to thinking. And Jack, I am glad to say, did something besides *think*. He began to *act*.

He went in search of work, and he found it. He now earns enough to pay his aunt for his board. He has a new suit of clothes and a pair of good shoes. The artist's word was a timely one.

UNCLE CHARLES.





### THE LION AND THE FOX.

THERE was once a fox who had never seen a lion ; and so, when he saw a lion for the first time, this fox was so scared that he did not know what to do.

The lion did him no harm ; and the fox crept off out of the way, and ran to his hole, and there hid. He staid in his hole a long while, until he found he must go in search of food, and then he crept out.

But, some days after this, the fox once more met the same lion ; and this time the fox was not quite so



scared. He looked the great king of beasts in the face; and instead of



creeping away in fright, as before, trotted off slowly, and even stopped to look round.



A third time the fox met the lion; and this time went up to him as

if there was nothing to fear; as much as to say, "Good-morning, Mr. Lion: how do you do this fine day? I hope Mrs. Lion and the little ones are all well." The lion did not hurt the poor little fox.

Thus we see that habit cures fear. So I have known a little boy run away from a cow; but, after seeing the cow twice or thrice, the boy was not afraid.



LUCY AND HER LAMB.



## MOTHER'S KISS.

WHAT is to me the sweetest thing  
That the morning light can bring?

It is this, —  
My mother's kiss.

And, if gentle watch she'll keep,  
What gives me the sweetest sleep?

Only this, —  
My mother's kiss.

Nothing else so dear can be,  
Nothing brings such joy to me,

As does this, —  
My mother's kiss.

Then if I'm a pleasant child,  
Kind, obedient, and mild,

I'll have this, —  
My mother's kiss.

C. F. P.

## MY FRIEND'S DOG PETER.

My friend Lane, who lives not far from a great city, has a dog Peter. I will tell you some true things of this dog.

The place where my friend's newspaper is left is about half a mile from his house. So every morning, before breakfast, Peter trots off to the station, and the station-man gives him the paper, and Peter brings it home in his mouth.

One day, a bad boy tried to take the newspaper away from him; but Peter growled so that the bad boy ran off.

When my friend puts a napkin in a basket, and gives the basket to Peter, this wise dog knows that he is to take it to the grocer's and buy something.

At such times, he takes the basket in his mouth, and trots off to the grocer's shop. The grocer unwraps the napkin, and finds on a scrap of paper a written order for a pound of tea or coffee, or for a loaf of bread.

Then he pats Peter on the head, and says, "Wait a minute, sir, till I can weigh out a pound of tea."

So Peter stretches himself on the floor, and sees the man weigh out the tea, and wrap it up nicely in paper, and put it in the basket, and cover it with the napkin.

Then Peter takes hold of the handle with his teeth, and trots home without stopping to look to the right or to the left.

The children all crowd to the window to see him as he comes back; and, if some one is not quick in opening the door, Peter will set down the basket, and bark, or scratch on the door with his paws.

All this is true that I tell you about Peter: and my friend tells me he would not part with him, no, not for a hundred dollars; for my friend would have to pay a man or boy twenty dollars a year at least to do the errands that Peter does for nothing.

UNCLE CHARLES.



PETER.





## LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

### A TRUE STORY.

SOME years since, a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the north-western part of Illinois, when a violent snow-storm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a grove of about eighty acres, in a large prairie, nearly twenty miles from any other timber.

The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as to nearly blind them. When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and that, if they had to pass the night there in the cold and the snow, the chance was, that not one of them would be alive in the morning.

While they were all shivering with fear and with cold, the



chief man of the party caught sight of one of their horses, a gray pony, known as "Old Jack."

Then the chief said, "If any one can show us our way to camp, out of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle, and let him loose, and we will follow him. I think he will show us the way to our camp."

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head and tail in the air, as if proud of the trust that had been put in him. Then he snuffed the breeze, and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say, "Come on, boys. Follow me. I'll lead you out of this scrape."

He then turned in a new direction, and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp-fires. They all gave a loud huzzah at the sight.

They felt grateful to God for their safety, and threw their arms round Old Jack's neck to thank him for what he had done.

I know that this is a true story, for my father was the chief of the party on the occasion.

MARY E.

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## NELLIE'S WASHING-DAY.

NELLIE is four years old to-day. Her brother Henry has been saving his pennies; and last night he went to the toy-shop to buy a birthday present for her. He bought her a little tin wash-tub; and, after Nellie went to bed, he cut out some little clothes-pins.

So Nellie has been washing her dolly's clothes. She had them all on the line once, when her mother told her she had not rinsed her clothes in clear water. Nellie says she has

learned one thing to-day; and that is that clothes must be rinsed as well as washed.

She took them down again, and rinsed them all nicely. It took her some time to get the clothes on the line; and, when she turned around to empty her tub, there was no water in it.



“Did I hit my foot on it, and tip it over?” said she to herself. No: the board on which it stood was dry.

She cannot think where the water went. She is trying to get her dolly to sleep, but stops singing often to think about the water.

Nobody could have come in from the street, because she has been standing in the gateway all the time; and there is no one in the house but her mamma, and she would not upset it, of course.

Do you want to know what became of it? Well, *that* sly, sober little kitten of hers drank it all up! Then Kitty lay down in the sun for another nap so quietly, that Nellie did not suppose it had ever had its eyes open.



### HELPING MOTHER.

Now is not Lucy a dear little girl? She is only three years old, and she can take care of the baby for hours at a time, while their mother is at work.

She will get all her playthings and try to amuse him. Then she will call Fox to help her. Fox is a dog; but he looks like a fox.

Lucy's father has made a little cart in which she can drag her baby-brother out through the fields, and into the woods, when the snow is not on the ground.

It is pleasant to see children like to make themselves useful. Lucy loves to play; but, if she can make her play do good to some one, she likes it all the better.

Now, she knows that when she plays with the baby, and keeps him from crying, she is helping her mother. And so Lucy loves better to play with her brother than to play alone.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



### MARY'S KITTY.

Now, dear little Kitty, so gentle and pretty,  
Come sip of this milk I have brought you.  
A boy would have drowned you, if I had not found you :  
Dear Kit, for a penny I bought you !

My gay little Kitty, I felt it a pity  
Your frolics and freaks should be ended ;  
So, grow good and pretty, my dear little Kitty,  
And I'll not regret what I then did.

IDA FAY.



## THE DANCE IN THE GARDEN.

ONE mild autumn day, one bright autumn day,  
Before all the leaves had been swept clean away,  
Said Jenny to Arthur, " This beautiful noon,  
Come out in the garden, and play us a tune.

" For winter is coming ; and then all around  
There'll be frost in the air, ice and snow on the ground :  
So let us go out in the air while we may,  
And you bring your fiddle, dear Arthur, and play."

So Arthur and Jenny and Mary went out ;  
He played on his fiddle while they danced about :  
They had a good frolic, the sisters and brother.  
I'll tell you their secret : they loved one another.

EMILY CARTER.

## TOMMY THE BRAVE.



### I.

TOMMY dons his soldier hat :  
Three years old is he !  
Not a captain on parade  
Can much prouder be.

### II.

Tommy from his leather belt,  
Draws his sword of tin ;  
Then with fierce and warlike air,  
Starts the field to win.

### III.

Tommy marches up and down,  
Stalwart sentinel,  
Challenging each passer-by,  
“ Halt ! the password tell.”

### IV.

“ Forward, march ! ” he proudly  
steps :  
“ Double quick ! ” he runs ;  
While the foe before him flee,  
Shot by wooden guns.

### VI.

Tommy, when the sun goes down,  
Drops his tired head,  
Lays his sword and gun aside,  
Seeks his little bed.

### V.

Tommy says he's not a girl,  
Says he's not a boy ;  
Call him just a soldier, — that  
Fills his heart with joy.

### VII.

Tommy says good-night to all.  
Little soldier, rest !  
May the morning find thee still  
Free from care, and blest !





## THE NORTH WIND.

HARK! hark! Tell me who is there,  
Growling like a grisly bear!  
'Tis the north-wind out once more:  
Hurry in, and shut the door!  
Build a fire, and hear him roar!

Should you dare to venture out,  
He would pinch your cheeks, no doubt;  
He would give your ears a cuff:  
He is loud and bold and rough;  
He is mischievous enough.

All the ground is frozen hard :  
 See the great elm in the yard,  
 How its boughs he bends and breaks !  
 What a dreadful sound he makes !  
 Why, the very house he shakes !

"North wind, North wind, stop this din !  
 We've no wish to let you in."  
 Nobody, indeed, enjoys  
 Winter winds or little boys,  
 When they make too loud a noise.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



## WHO SHOT THE ARROW ?

"Chirrup, chirrup, chirree !  
 A pretty home have we !"

So the little birds sang in the old oak-tree.

"Now, little wife," said Mr. Birdie, "we are up nice and high ; so none of the two-legged giants can get our eggs ! We will fly about now, and pick up some hair and straw, and then" —

Little Mrs. Bird stood on one leg, and winked her pretty eyes, as much as to say, "Yes, I know what *then* ! — four little eggs, four little birds, all our own, up in the top of the big oak-tree !"

Then they went to picking up straw and hair. As Mrs. Bird went into a barn to get some cow's hair, she saw the old cow herself, who cried out, —

Moo-oo-oo, moo-oo-oo !  
 What do you want to do ?"

But little Mrs. Birdie did not mind her moo-ing. She found some hair, and flew away.

When the nest was almost done, Mrs. Birdie pulled out some of her own feathers to line it with. Then both the little birds flew up in the tree, and looked down, singing, —

“ Chirrup, chirrup, chirree !  
A pretty home have we ! ”

“ Now lie down in the nest, and I'll get you a cherry,” said Mr. Birdie ; and away he flew, singing all the way, —

“ Chirrup, chirrup, chirree,  
A cherry red for me ! ”



But, when Mr. Birdie flew back, his nest was empty ; and he never saw his little wife any more all his life ! Was it not sad ?

A naughty boy had shot her with an arrow. Who do you suppose it was ? Poor little Birdies !

MARY MORRISON.

## LOOK SHARP!

A JOLLY old fellow, whose hair is snow white,  
And whose little bright eyes are blue,  
Will be making his visits on Christmas night :  
Perhaps he will call upon you.

A funny old name has this funny old man  
(You can tell what it is, no doubt) :  
He creeps down the chimney as fast as he can,  
And then just as swiftly creeps out.

His plump cheeks are rosy as red cherries ripe ;  
His nose, too, is red as can be :  
You may smell now and then the smoke of his pipe,  
But his face you never may see.

He carries a bag full of sweetmeats and toys,  
And leaves them wherever he goes  
For the good little girls and good little boys :  
So hang up your little white hose !

AUNT CLARA.



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